

The Sketch

No. 886.—Vol. LXIX.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1910.

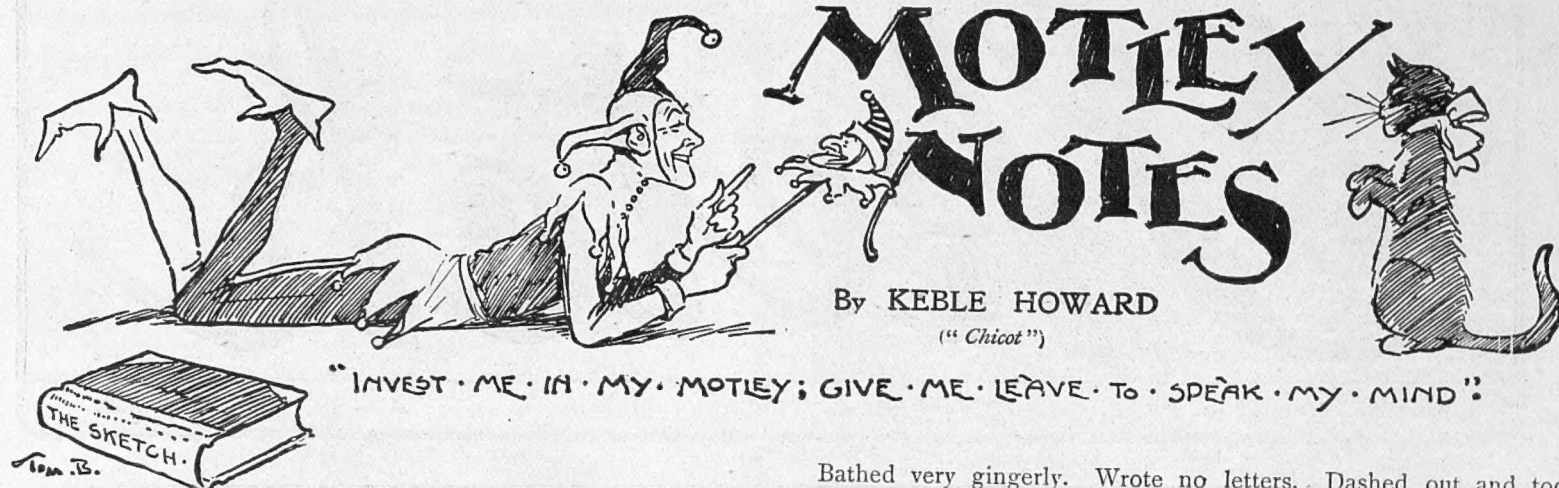
SIXPENCE.



PROTECTION OR FREE TRADE? THAT IS THE QUESTION: DAME TROT IS UNCERTAIN, COY,
AND HARD TO PLEASE.

Our photograph shows Mr. George Robey as Dame Trot, in "Jack and the Beanstalk," the pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham.

Photograph by the Rotary Photographic Co.



DIARY OF A WEEK IN PARIS.

SUNDAY.—Woke at eight. Brilliant sunshine. Coffee and rolls. Fierce wrestle with rubber bath. Muttered horrible things about French architects. Dressed. Muttered incredibly wicked things about French laundresses. Strolled out. Bought Paris edition of well-known London journal. Movements of New York Four Hundred. *Déjeuner.* Omelette, sole, and white wine. *Pas mal.* Took taxi to Issy-les-Moulineaux to see flying. Ground very muddy. Mounted soldiers galloping furiously after small boys. Small boys quite unperturbed. Two empty motor-cars by Clément-Bayard airship-sheds. Thrilling. Stood about in mud being thrilled. Motor-cars drove away. Stood about in mud less thrilled. Crowd jeered mounted soldiers. Mounted soldiers much embarrassed. Mud began to penetrate. No flying. Sneezed violently four times. Took circular railway home. Carriage crammed. Had to change twice. Bought *Referee*. Everybody getting on splendidly. Good. Bought *Observer*. Lloyd-George down, Garvin on top. (No comment. *Sketch* non-party paper.) Dinner. *Pas mal.* Met man who wanted to go to "Bal Tabarin." Went with him out of kindness. Fourth visit. Sick of it. Called at Fred's bar to see *La Dimanche Chez Lui* (Phil May's favourite paper). Met English crowd very miserable. Did best to cheer them up. Eventually succeeded. Home at four.

MONDAY.—Woke at eight. Brilliant sunshine. Thought of thousands of things that ought to be done. Determined to do them all. Complete victory over rubber bath. Wrote five charmingly expressed letters. Went out. Found mem. in note-book—"Get hair cut." Got hair cut. Also, was shaved, shampooed, steamed, squirted, patted and brushed. No stopping them. *Déjeuner.* *Bon!* Went for stroll in Tuileries Gardens. Toy aeroplanes the rage. Also tennis. Also galloping horses (stationary). Also football. Also kites. Also foot-races. Went home. Worked for two hours. Felt good. Went out. Bought *Daily Telegraph*. Ninety-seven columns of speeches. Fate of England trembling in balance. In the meantime—dinner. *Bon!* Went to Théâtre Réjane. "Madame Margot." Another vamped-up historical pot-boiler. Émile Moreau at it again. Réjane very poor part. Only feature of interest five small children. *Danse comique* by little Marie Schiffner. Excellent. Poor house. Delightful theatre. Supper. Found some friends. Home at two-thirty.

TUESDAY.—Woke at eight. Brilliant sunshine. Man overhead having appalling struggle with entire contents of room. Calmly anticipate his appearance through ceiling. Failed me. Treated rubber bath with contempt. Mistake. Swamped floor. Wrote three clear-cut letters. Difficult to make people understand things by post. Went out. Changed book at library. Library full of English and Americans asking for "something reely good." Hubert Wales, Victoria Cross, and Elinor Glyn all out. Saw own book on shelf. Asked for it. Librarian opened it, closed it sharply, and blew hard. Clouds of dust. Cheery. *Déjeuner.* *Bon.* Walked up Champs Elysées and climbed Arc de Triomphe. Stairs dark as night. Very dangerous. Still, good view at summit. Went home. Worked for two hours. Felt positively priggish. Went out. Bought English newspapers. England nearly as possible over edge of precipice. Dinner again. *Bon.* Went to Théâtre Moncey to see French melodrama played by French players. "Les Deux Orphelines." Bad acting. Villain tall, thin lad with artificial voice of thunder. Struck crippled brother savage blows in each act. House crowded. Comic man—Gontier—quite good. Left before last act. Found some friends. Home at three.

WEDNESDAY.—Woke at eight. Brilliant sunshine. Thousands of things still waiting to be done. Determined not to do them.

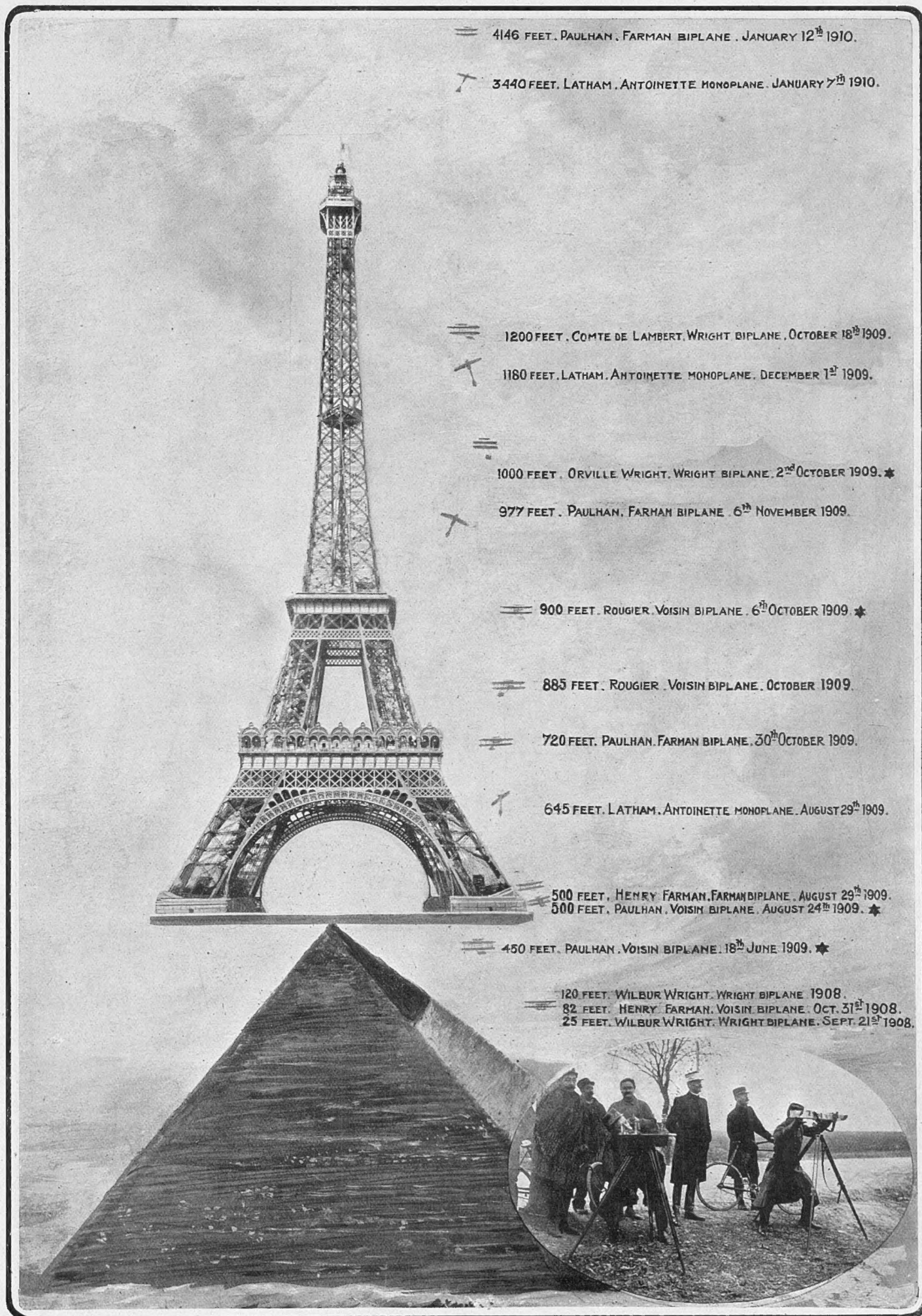
Bathed very gingerly. Wrote no letters. Dashed out and took steam-tram to Versailles. Long journey. *Déjeuner.* *Bon.* Pushed way through masses of guides to gardens of Palace. Very spacious. Very severe. Thought statuary and fountains bad taste. Good air at Versailles. Home by train. Bought English papers. England hurtling through space to jagged rocks. Fancy! Dinner. *Bon.* Went to place of amusement. Fee to cab-opener. Fees for rights of poor. Fee for coat. Fee to woman for taking fee for coat. Fee for programme. Fee to man for taking fee for programme. Fee to *ouvreuse*. Two francs for whisky-and-soda. Fee to barman for accepting two francs for whisky-and-soda. Left place of pleasure much saddened. Found some friends. Recounted grievances with great spirit. Friends indifferent. Led them on to talk about selves. Friends suddenly animated. Home at three-thirty.

THURSDAY.—Woke at eight. Brilliant sunshine. Three sickening letters from England. Tore them up and approached bath sideways. Bath not to be foiled twice. Collapsed suddenly and swamped floor. Went out. *Déjeuner.* *Bon.* Did some shopping. Shopkeepers willing but voluble. Tiring. Bought boots. Best boots in the world to be bought in Paris. *Bon.* Went home. Worked for an hour. Stifled conscience with memories of other days in the week. Dinner. *Bon.* Met a man who insisted on going to the "Moulin de la Galette." Been before, but went with him. Very dull. Stayed ten minutes. Walked down to "Moulin Rouge." Wrestling. Saw one dramatic bout. Big bully and man of lighter build. Bully got smaller down and punched him. Ordered off stage. Shrieks of delight from crowd. Bully refused to leave stage. Crowd even more delighted. Bully proceeded to maltreat smaller man horribly. Crowd quite mad with joy. Referee attacked bully from behind. Bully took no notice. Smaller man suddenly threw bully off and fell on him. Bully beaten. Roars of delight from crowd. Bully tried to make speech. Umbrella thrown at him. Bully eventually hustled off stage. Returned to civilisation. Found some friends. Home at two-thirty.

FRIDAY.—Wrote "Motley Notes."

SATURDAY.—Woke at eight. Brilliant sunshine. Decided to take a holiday. Bath skittish at first, but sullen later. Watched three rascals working on tall chimney. Ladders tied loosely to chimney. In case of chimney giving way, thin rope tied to top of chimney and hitched to small chimney-pot below. Reminded me of a drawing by Heath Robinson. Went out. Paris all alive and smiling. *Déjeuner.* *Bon!* Walked across bridge and up to Luxembourg Gardens. Charming. Came back. Found book waiting for me, kindly posted from England. "The Night Side of Paris." Full of reliable information. Went out again. Met some friends at dinner. *Bon.* Discussed where to spend evening. "Tabarin"? No. "Moulin Rouge"? No. Any music-hall? No. Any theatre? All full if show any good. Move on to a café and think again? Yes. Nobody any ideas. Decide that Paris is as dull as London. "What about —?" No. "How about —?" Certainly not. "Latin Quarter?" Rotten. Move to another café and think again? Yes. Still nobody any ideas. "Montmartre?" Too early. "Stroll up the Grands Boulevards? Observe life for an hour?" Not a bit of it. "Have some supper and then think again?" Yes. Political discussion started by somebody. Lloyd-George a disgrace to English politics. Lloyd-George's election tour a triumphal progress. Rash bets in all quarters. "A bottle of champagne?" "Yes, and a dinner." "A thousand pounds to one that the Conservatives don't get in!" Jumped at the odds, but discovered not intended seriously. . . . "Time?" Three-thirty. Home.

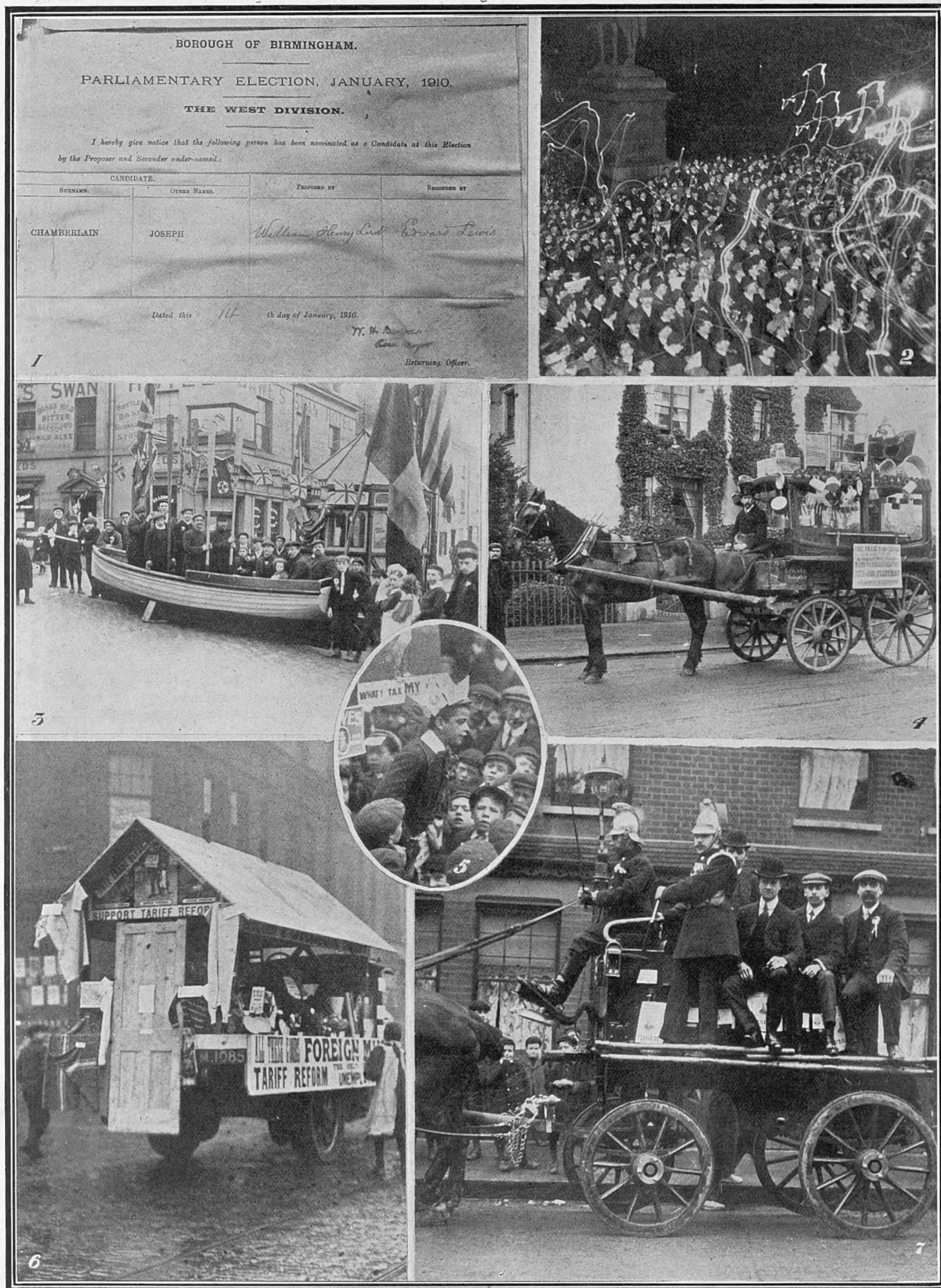
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THE ODD SIDE OF THE GENERAL ELECTION: CURIOSITIES OF THE CAMPAIGN.



1. CONCERNING THE FIRST MEMBER OF THE PARLIAMENT THAT IS NOW BEING ELECTED: THE FORM NOMINATING MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN AS UNIONIST CANDIDATE FOR BIRMINGHAM WEST.
2. AS AN ECCENTRIC FLASHLIGHT REVEALED IT: THE CROWD IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE WAITING TO HEAR RESULTS.
3. IN THE SCENE OF TWO UNIONIST GAINS: DEVONPORT WATERMEN PARADING WITH A DECORATED BOAT IN SUPPORT OF UNIONISM.

4. "FREE TRADE IS NOW DEAD": A TRAVELLING DUMP-SHOP MADE IN THE SUMBLANCE OF A HEARSE AND CARRYING A COFFIN LABELLED "FREE TRADE," AT CHELMSFORD.
5. A M.P. OF THE FUTURE? A SMALL BOY HARANGUING A CROWD IN WALWORTH ROAD IMMEDIATELY BEFORE HIS MEETING WAS DISPERSED BY THE POLICE.
6. A TRAVELLING DUMP-SHOP: A TARIFF REFORM CART AT MANCHESTER.
7. ON THEIR WAY TO PUT OUT HEMPHILL: FIREMEN TAKING UNIONIST VOTERS TO THE POLL AT FULHAM.

Photographs by Topical, Illustrations Bureau, and others.

THE ODD SIDE OF THE GENERAL ELECTION; CURIOSITIES OF THE CAMPAIGN.



1. BROKEN BY ROWDIES: A WINDOW OF THE UNIONIST COMMITTEE-ROOM AT HASTINGS AFTER IT HAD BEEN DEALT WITH BY SOME OF MR. DU CROS' OPPONENTS.

2. THE NAVY IN EXCELSIS: A CROWD OF SMALL BOYS FOLLOWING SANDWICHMEN BEARING LORD CHARLES BERESFORD'S PORTRAITS, AT PORTSMOUTH.

3. BACKING UP HER FATHER: MISS MEGAN LLOYD-GEORGE'S ADVICE TO ELECTORS.

4. THE TYRED POLITICIAN: A CYCLIST WORKER IN MANCHESTER.

5. PERAMBULATING POLITICS: MR. G. H. PRESTON, ELECTION AGENT FOR THE HORNCASTLE DIVISION, PRESSES HIS TWO-YEAR-OLD CHILD INTO SERVICE.

Photographs by Topical and Illustrations Bureau.

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Colquhoun Grant. 6s.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

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TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

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"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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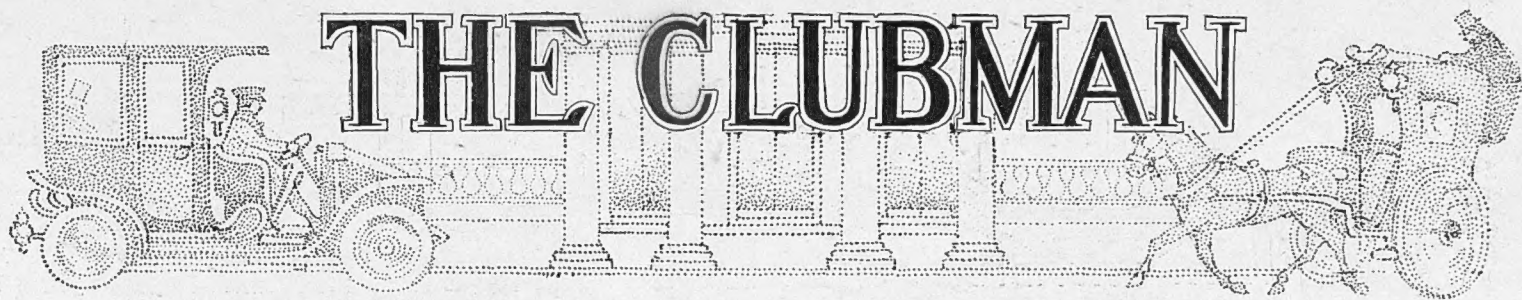
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January 19, 1910.

Signature.....

**Hashish.**

The English officers and non-commissioned officers whom a Court of Inquiry found to have been concerned in the smuggling of hashish into Egypt are to return to England and are to leave the Army. Hashish in its sweetmeat form always has a pleasant and innocent sound to English ears, but this extract of hemp is far more injurious to its devotees than opium ever has been. The ordinary opium eater or smoker is not harmed by the drug any more than the British workman is harmed by his pint of beer at dinner-time. It is the man who takes too much opium, like the man who takes too much beer, on whom it has evil effects. But the man who smokes the poison of the hemp always seems to suffer for it. There appears to be no middle path with him. In India one can tell by his haggard looks the smoker of gunga, which is hashish under another name. The drug sends the man who smokes it up to the highest heaven for a few minutes, but after that the reaction is terrible, and the smoker is a poor, nerveless thing until the time comes for him to have another pull at his beloved pipe. The hardened smoker amongst the Indian coolies or workmen, who are the chief smokers of the drug, props himself up in some corner, so as to be out of harm's way when the reaction comes, lest he should throw himself into a tank or under the wheels of a tramcar, for the depression which follows the exaltation is so great that a man feels that life is not worth living. I once saw a European, who said that opium-smoking had no effect on him, try to smoke a pipe of gunga. He took two or three long pulls at the tiny pipe, inhaling the smoke. He was in the midst of telling us that it had no more effect on him than the opium ever had, when he burst into a fit of laughter. He laughed and smiled and talked incoherently, trying to tell us how marvellously pleasant his experiences were; then the reaction came—a time of the deepest depression; we put him to bed and watched by him lest he should try and do a harm to himself. It was several hours before he was well enough to go back to his own home, and he never, after that experience, expressed any doubt on the power of hashish smoke.

"K. of K." in Australia.

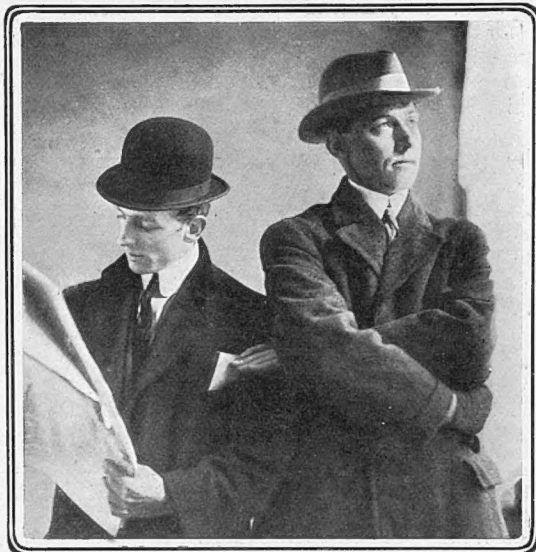
Little scraps of news come to us of Lord Kitchener's doings in Australia. We read of him inspecting the troops in the Liverpool camp, countermarching a review, and turning out the troops at 4 a.m. to do the practical work

possible the patriotic spirit of the colonists. At Melbourne, at another banquet, he said that nowhere in the world did young men show more aptitude for soldiering than in Australia, and declared his belief that, if useless expenditure were avoided, the Dominion could maintain a fine fighting force and a military college. Lord Kitchener's trip round the world—in which he has seen the Chinese Army struggling into European discipline, the Japanese constantly improving their splendid fighting-machine, and now the Australians (who have at the back of their minds the possibility that they may some day have to repel an attempted invasion by one of the yellow races) developing their military strength—is no pleasure-trip, but a journey of education for the man who is to be called upon to perfect a scheme by which the forces of the entire Empire will be ready to face towards any frontier in any continent where any one of our peoples is threatened.

Australia as a Model.

Australia, if its scheme of national defence, as foreshadowed by its statesmen who come over here, is carried out in its entirety, is likely to supply the model for the universal training of our youth—if that training ever comes to pass—instead of Switzerland, which till now has been the country on which our military reformers have had their eye. In Australia, if the original scheme is carried out, each boy will learn before he comes of age discipline and the use of the rifle. If he has keen military instincts he will join the Militia, which is to be the *corps d'élite*. Behind the Militia will stand the whole manhood of the country, trained to military service.

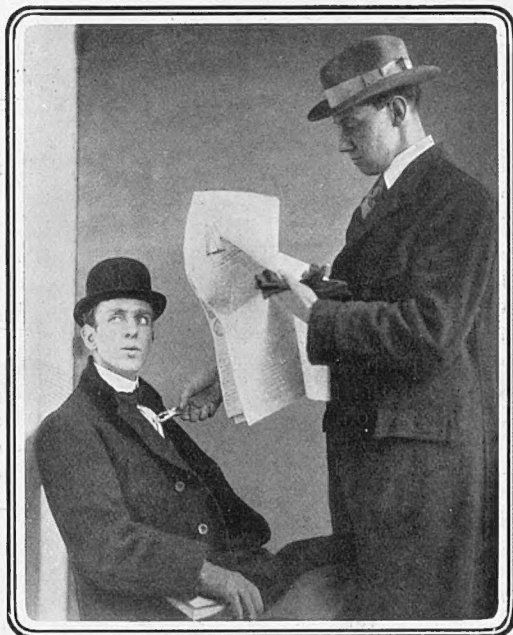
An Offending Flag. It is wonderful how nervous the peoples of Eastern Europe are concerning flags. It will be remembered that when a flag which ought not to have been there was hoisted in Crete, no islander was found who would pull it down again. A party from the war-ships of the European Powers landed and shot down the offending flag. When the Greek royal palace at Athens was burnt last week, the Russian and the British war-ships in Phaleron Bay sent detachments of bluejackets to help the Greek fire-brigades in extinguishing the flames. For this work both the British and the Russians have been warmly thanked by the Greek Government. But our bluejackets most unfortunately took with them to the Palace a Union Jack; this has given great offence to the Grecian populace. The incident has stirred up so much ill-feeling that the next time that British bluejackets land in Greece to extinguish a fire they will assuredly not carry any bunting with them.



BEWARE THE LIGHT-FINGERED! THE FOLDED-ARM METHOD OFTEN ADOPTED BY THE PICKPOCKET WORKING IN A CROWD.

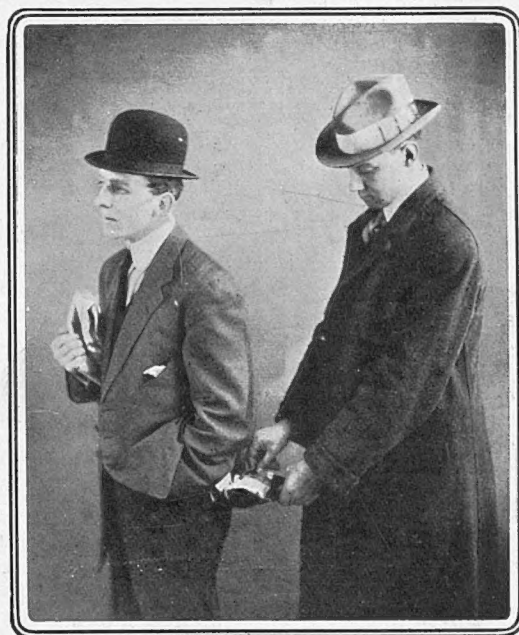
Keep a watchful eye on the man in the crowd who folds his arms. His hands may be at rest; or they may be engaged in picking pockets. If employed in the latter way, they are likely to be used in the manner shown, engaged in removing a pocket-book or a scarf-pin. It may be well to point out that those shown in the photographs are not "crooks": they posed merely to illustrate some of the taking little ways of the light-fingered.

Photographs by the P.-F. Press Bureau.



APPARENTLY READING A NEWSPAPER, BUT OTHERWISE ENGAGED: HOW A PICKPOCKET MAY NIP A DIAMOND STUD FROM ITS SETTING BY MEANS OF A PAIR OF PLIERS.

It should be understood that, for the purposes of illustration, the movements were somewhat exaggerated: the pickpocket really conceals his hands much more.



SIMPLE, YET EFFECTIVE: HOW THE INGENIOUS PICKPOCKET MAY CUT AWAY A POCKET AND ITS CONTENTS—A MANŒUVRE ESPECIALLY FAVOURED BY A NUMBER OF "CROOKS."

Should he find it difficult, or impossible, to pick a pocket in the ordinary way, the skilled "crook" will employ a knife, and cut away pocket and contents.

of an attack on a convoy in bush country; inspecting coast-defences and making a speech at a banquet at Sydney; urging the Australians to do away with all shams and to use in the most practical way

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

DR. JONES, of Ipswich, is very disconcerting. He has just celebrated his hundredth birthday, but has always been a non-smoker and an abstainer from alcohol. Hitherto all the best centenarians have smoked and drunk to their hearts' content. It is almost enough to make one give up trying to score the century.

Like Mark Twain Sir Ernest Shackleton has been completely floored by the uncouth gutturals of the German language. He attempted to lecture in German before a Berlin audience, but had to give it up and take refuge in English. History shows us that it is easier to conquer Poles than Germans.



Cockney humour is penetrating even to the far recesses of the Carpathian Mountains. "Among the things I learned while in the Carpathian Mountains," said the Rev. T. Norgate, of the Royal Geographical Society, "was that the reason the hotel orchestra was so good was that it was needed to drown the sounds of the German tourists eating their soup." When the world was younger this joke used to be told of the Americans in London.

Politeness costs nothing. Dalziel reports that at the desire of the Young Turks Committee, Chevket Pasha has consented to become Minister of War. This coyness is all the nicer of him as he is understood to be the military Dictator of Constantinople.

"CELERY."

(A small boy was charged at the Children's Court with shouting "Celery" on a Sunday morning.)

Of Sesame and Forty Thieves
From earliest youth I've heard;
But "celery"—what can there be
That's mystic in the word?
And yet, one Monday morn, a boy
Was haled before the beak,
And charged with having dared to shout
This "magic"—so to speak.

Sometimes the simplest-sounding word
For hidden meanings serves.
Is "celery" some expletive
That jars policemen's nerves?
Stay! Sesame's a sort or pulse,
But celery's a "vedge";
So maybe 'twas the coster voice
That set their teeth on edge.

From a recent book on Marriage: "Neither the man nor the woman who enters into it can expect the same freedom as if each had remained independent." That just about sums the whole thing up. Write it on your cuffs.

And remember it while you read this paragraph. Judge Richter, of Indiana, has pronounced a decree of "limited divorce" against a wealthy couple. The couple may not re-marry, but after five years of separation may, if they wish, re-establish their household. Even the worst marriage must be preferable to this sort of thing.



Exceeding the limit! A scientific writer has just reminded us that the solar system is not standing still, but is hurrying towards some unknown destination at the rate of a million miles a day. Where are the Surrey police?



Mr. Daniel Jones, lecturing before the Elizabethan Society, explained that pronunciation changes so greatly with the passage of years that Shakespeare, were he able to listen to the recitation of one of his works to-day, would not be able to understand the words. In the case of many reciters we can quite believe it.

But it is harder to believe that Francis the drawer, when he turned Prince Hal, Poins, Falstaff, and the rest out of the Boar's Head, in Eastchepe, said—"Tame, gentlemen, tame." Mercifully, Shakespeare does not record the words Sir John must have used upon such an occasion.



THE BALLAD OF DAN FINCHER.

A LEGEND OF LONG AGO.

It was the Laird of Rosslyn,
A belted Earl was he,
And he had wrought a wondrous feat
Of border minstrelsie.
It also was his lurcher tyke,
Dan Fincher was its name,
The whilk could sing "God Save the King,"
And likewise "Hame, Sweet Hame."

And when the wassail-bowl flowed free
At merry Christmastide,
Dan Fincher lifted up his voice
And with the basso vied.
But when he aped the tenor's ways,
Refused to make a sound,
And would not sing "God Save the King,"
It was a belted hound.

The Gold-bugs in New York cannot be doing so well as is reported. Over there they have only been indulging in a Silver Thaw. This is verging on the penurious.

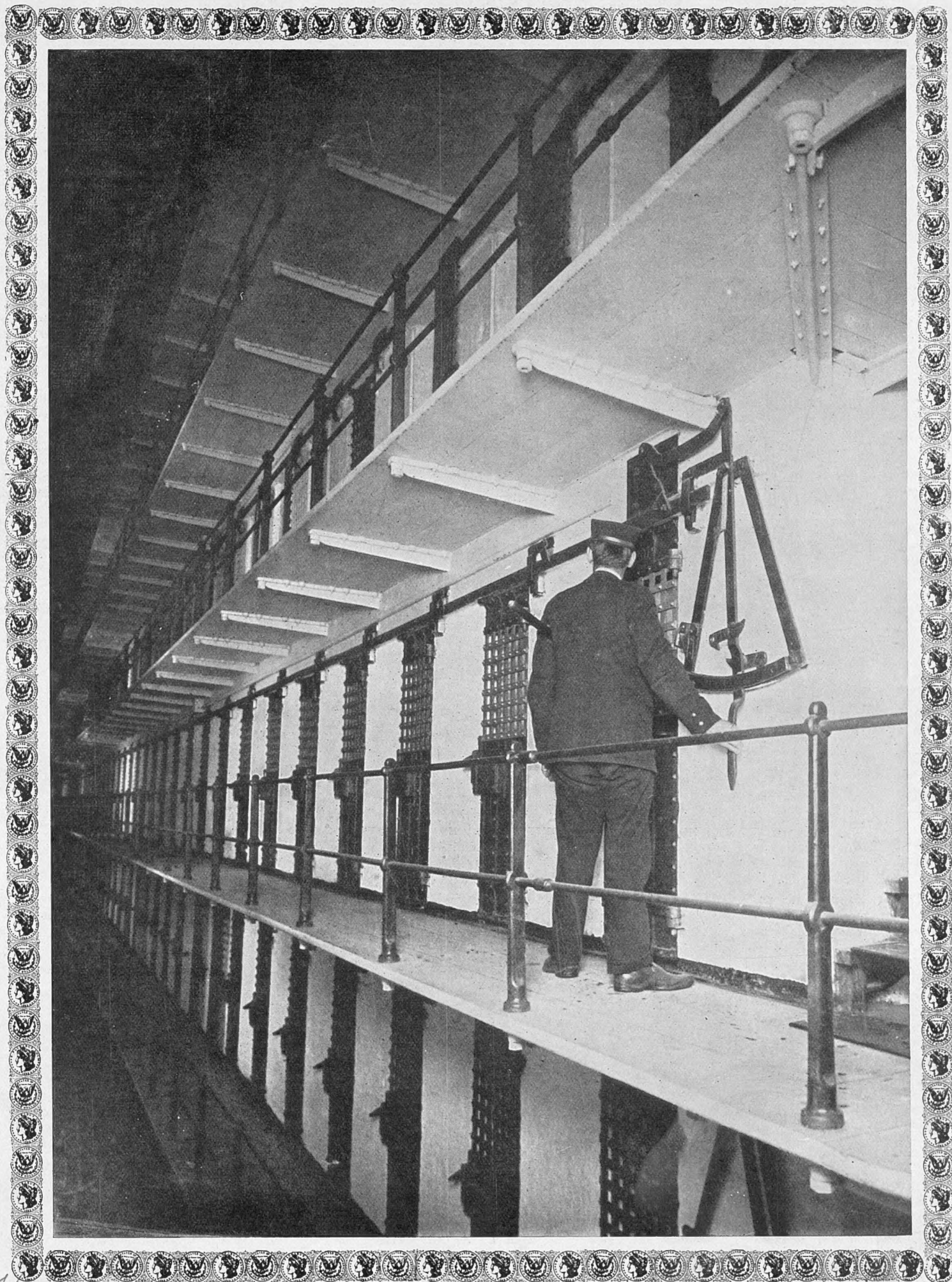
Gallantry is not yet dead. "Are you single?" a dairyman was asked at the West London County Court. "Yes, worse luck," he replied, "I wish I was married." Usually it is the other way about.

Happy, happy Bavaria! Owing to the growing scarcity of edelweiss the authorities have issued a decree that the flower is not to be picked even by landowners on their own estates without a special license. At any rate, here is one tax which cannot be imposed on landowners in England.

"I wish I could explain," said Mr. Henry Hill in a lecture on the common house-fly, "why a fly never walks down, but always up, a clean window-pane; and why, on the other hand, it will walk down the slanting glass front of a picture." It has been said that the right way to study a picture is to stoop down and look at it between your legs. Perhaps the fly is trying, in its humble way, to be an art-critic. The other riddle we give up.



IN SING - SING: LOCKING MANY DOORS WITH ONE MOVEMENT.



IN A CELL ROOM IN THE MOST FAMOUS AMERICAN PRISON: AN OFFICER LOCKING EVERY DOOR
IN A GREAT TIER OF CELLS BY PULLING A SINGLE LEVER.

Obviously, the device illustrated makes for a great saving of time. It has been proved thoroughly effective and reliable.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

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SMALL TALK



THE engagement of Miss Josephine Toohey, the charming daughter of the late Hon. John Toohey, M.P., of Warrington, New South Wales, was no sooner announced than she prepared to leave the atmosphere of congratulations in Half Moon Street to proceed to St. Moritz with her mother. The happy man, Mr. Kenelm Everard Dormer, is a cousin of Lord Dormer, and the grandson, on his mother's side, of the well-known author Kenelm Digby, from whose family he inherits both his Christian names. When Miss Toohey next leaves Half Moon Street, it will be for the whole honeymoon.

No M.P. for Parnassus. Mr. MacKenzie Bell, whose candidature for St. George's, Hanover Square, in opposition

his son, Viscount Helmsley, is standing for the Thirsk and Malton Division. It is after the polls, and not in the excitement preceding them, that a man feels the weight of his years. Disraeli, when returning from the station at Hatfield, where he had gone to get news of the elections of 1880, only to hear of dire Conservative reverses, said to a youthful companion—"What a difference age makes! To you this is probably a rather agreeable excitement. To me it is—the end of all things." Under no circumstances will Mr. Balfour re-echo the words of the old Chief—whose turns of thought and phrase he has never taken into favour.

Mr. Beecham, if he were superstitious, might be keeping an anxious



MRS. ROGER BELLINGHAM (FORMERLY MISS ALICE A. NAISH) AND MR. BELLINGHAM, WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (THE 18TH). Mr. Bellingham is the younger son of Sir Henry Bellingham, Bt., of Castle Bellingham, Co. Louth, Ireland, and brother of Lady Butte. Mrs. Roger Bellingham is a daughter of the late Mr. Richard Naish, of Ballycullen House, Limerick.—[Photographs by Lafayette.]



Where the King stayed.

WHERE THE KING STAYED AT BRIGHTON: MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR SASSOON'S HOUSE AT HOVE.

Photograph by Eolak.

The King, while at Brighton, stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, whose charming—though by no means enormous—house at Hove has seen some notable gatherings, for his Majesty's late host and hostess count many noted politicians and social lions among their close acquaintances. In the days when Mr. Balfour was Prime Minister he often ran down to Brighton to spend a week-end with the late Mr. Reuben Sassoon, and he stayed with that popular host during his convalescence from a bad attack of influenza.

to Mr. Lyttelton came as something of a surprise, was a poet long before he thought of politics. Parnassus is not a voting district, and even Mr. George Wyndham, when at Westminster, forgets, or forgoes, his devotion to the Muse. But poetry nevertheless has its uses. Peel made a point of learning a verse of poetry every night to take away the taste of the Commons, and one member—was it Mr. Masterman?—recently related how, after a fatiguing debate, he went on to Westminster Bridge and recited the sonnet Wordsworth wrote there. It restored him.



CAPTAIN E. L'ESTRANGE MALONE, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS MARJORIE ST. QUENTIN ON THE 20TH. Captain Malone, of the Royal Fusiliers, is the eldest son of the late Rev. S. L'Estrange Malone.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

Old Age and the Elections. The Earl of Feversham, a man of eighty, is, like many a father, vitally interested in the Elections, for



MRS. JOHN VENNING (FORMERLY MISS MARJORIE CLOSE BROOKS), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE AT ST. CATHERINE'S CHURCH, BIRTLES, YESTERDAY (THE 18TH).

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

eye on the fortunes at the polling-booths of three candidates named Strauss. But superstitious he is not; and he can give his whole mind, not to the elections, but to the "Electra" associated with the name. One of Mr. Beecham's latest successes is that he has infected his father with his own enthusiasm, with the result that a considerable slice of the enormous Beecham fortune has been promised to a national scheme, when a satisfactory one is formulated, for the encouragement of opera. Mr. Beecham, meanwhile, has generously lowered all the prices, from gallery to stalls, at Covent Garden. We need not say that the performances of his season will be amply worth a guinea a box.



MISS MARJORIE VIOLET ST. QUENTIN, WHO IS MARRYING CAPTAIN E. L'ESTRANGE MALONE ON THE 20TH. Miss St. Quentin is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. St. Quentin, of Scampston Hall, York.—[Photograph by Alice Hughes.]

THE SNAKE CURE FOR FEAR: TEACHING CHILDREN TO BE BRAVE.



1. BOYS STUDYING LIVE SNAKES AND OTHER "FEARSOME BEASTS."

2. A LITTLE GIRL FONDLING A LIVE SNAKE.

3. WORKING UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE ELEPHANT (STUFFED) IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM OF NEW YORK.

4. A GIRL WITH A LIVE SNAKE.

5. BOYS STUDYING LIVE SNAKES.

With the idea of teaching children not to fear animals, Mrs. Agnes L. Roesler, an instructor at the Natural History Museum of New York, has begun a Natural History Kindergarten at the Museum. There, children go through a course of instruction, which begins with birds and butterflies and ends with snakes and spiders. They learn, of course, amongst other things, which animals, and especially which snakes and spiders, are dangerous to life, and which are not.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.

CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

WITHIN the last month or two we have read in the papers that the King's favourite bird is pheasant; that the only meal he really enjoys is a cut from the cold joint; that in times of stress he will discuss a chop for his breakfast. These, and

many more, are the crumbs that have dropped for the curious from the royal table. That he eats "pumpnickel" is also true—indeed, truer than one item of the above bill of fare. And who, among those who have learned to eat in more than one language, so to speak, does not share his taste? "Pumpnickel," cut almost as thin as this sheet of paper, and arranged in a most palatable triple alliance with cheese and butter, is indeed a food for kings.

The Queen's Hobby.

If Queen Alexandra's fondness for her camera is, as everyone knows, very

ENGAGED TO MR. GEORGE PIGOT, MISS HERSEY MALTBY.

Miss Maltby is the daughter of Lieut. Maltby, R.N. Mr. Pigot is the son of Sir George and Lady Pigot, of Warfield Grove, Bracknell.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

much bound up with the taking of family snapshots and with the keeping of a pictorial family record, it does not by any means end there. She takes a keen interest in the development of the more serious phases of photographic art, and the latest welcome addition to her personal library is a copy of Mr. Alvin L. Coburn's "London," a book of photographic pictures of "things seen" by an artist's eye in the city that her Majesty cares for above any in the world.

A Popular Prince. Prince Arthur of Connaught has been staying with The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, not at historic Moy, but at Cottrell, near Cardiff, a property belonging to Mrs. Mackintosh. The Scots Greys, Prince Arthur's regiment, were strongly represented in the house-party, and this was quite to the taste of so keen a soldiering man as the Prince. Besides several of the officers' wives, Mrs. Meeking and Lady Hilda Murray added greatly to the great success of the occasion.

Preferring England. In returning to Russia and the Russian Court for the funeral of his father, the Grand Duke Michael was only acting according to his rights. When he married the Countess Torby he incurred the displeasure of the Tsar, and suffered banishment. But the ban has since been removed; and it is only his own and his wife's preference for England

that keeps him from living in his own country. Both have become extremely popular in English society—he for his charm of manner, and she for her strikingly alien and handsome appearance; so that they are marked and courted people wherever they chance to be. It is said that they first met at Nice, she a frightened damsel on a runaway horse, and he a gallant rescuer. Anyway, their married life has been a continuing romance.

A Tory Organiser.

Lord Abergavenny is one of the few among the King's friends who has a permanent foothold in Brighton.

His house in Chichester Terrace he finds hardly less convenient than Wilton Street, Grosvenor Place, and he can reach the Constitutional Club, when he wants to, almost as easily from his seaside home as from any other. At the Constitutional, which he helped to found, he finds himself confronted on the staircase by a marble statue of himself; at the Carlton, perhaps his favourite club, he is not thus welcomed—or embarrassed. In the Junior Carlton, which he more rarely visits, a rather formidable full-length life-size portrait of himself in oils menaces him in the smoking-room.

Peer and Engineer.

Lady Susan Yorke, whose engagement to Captain A. Fitz-Clarence is announced, is the sister of Lord Hardwicke, a versatile peer who can work a gas-stove (though not as good a hand at an omelette as was his father), a motor-boat, or a balloon with equal skill. Lord Hardwicke is a professed engineer, and for two years worked as an ordinary miner—booked as No. 126 in a Montana goldmine—and is still in first-rate working order as a demonstration against the Loafing Lord fable.

For the Sussex Sick.

Early next month, Princess Henry of Battenberg is to be the guest of Lord and Lady Gage at Firl Place, in the pleasant township of Lewes. During her visit she will open the new hospital. Sussex just now is very active in the care of the sick, the Committee of the County Nursing Association having secured many valuable recruits, including the Duchess of Norfolk and Lady Maud Warrender.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN ARTHUR GREEN, D.S.O.; MISS BLUEBELL STEWART, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE MR. LINDSAY STEWART, OF STANMORE.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



TO MARRY MR. RICHARD HADDEN BROOKE ON THE 24TH: MISS SUSAN DOROTHEA HUGHES.

Miss Hughes is the second daughter of the late Major-General T. E. Hughes, R.A., and of Mrs. Hughes, The Wattendon, Berks. Mr. Brooke is the younger son of Mr. Alexander Brooke, of Craven Hill Gardens.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



THE THREE DAUGHTERS OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF RUTLAND: THE LADIES DIANA, VIOLET, AND MARJORIE MANNERS.

The Duchess of Rutland's three daughters are each exceptionally gifted, as was told in "The Sketch" at the time they recently acted the principal rôles in an unconventional dramatic entertainment given in the schoolhouse of Rowsley, in Derbyshire. Lady Marjorie has inherited her mother's artistic gifts, and dances charmingly. Lady Violet Manners is musical, and Lady Diana, who sings prettily, will be, it is said, among this season's debutantes. The Duke of Rutland's whole family is taking a very keen interest in the General Election.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



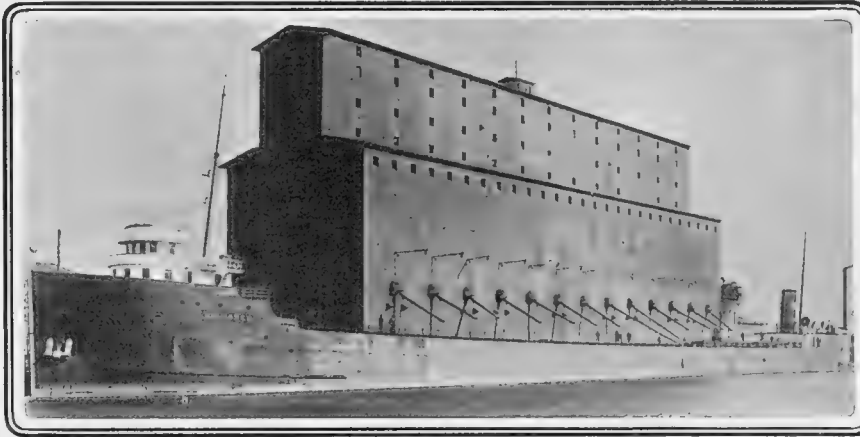
OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



NOT DISCOVERED BY MR. ROOSEVELT:
THE SALAMANDERGUNDI.

This figure, carved in wood by Charles B. Loomis, the well-known humourist, has been adopted by the Salmagundi Club, of America, and is called the "Salamandergundi."

Photograph by G. G. Bain.



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THE LARGEST CARGO OF WHEAT EVER CARRIED ON BOARD A STEAMER:
A GRANARY AFLOAT.

This remarkable structure, a veritable granary afloat, holds the largest cargo of wheat ever carried on board a steamer. Like all large things, it, of course, emanates from America. It suggests the idea that there may come a time when, tired of paying rent and income tax, people may take to living in a kind of ocean-going house-boat.



Photo. Topical.

THE ROLLER-SKATING BOOM AT ITS HEIGHT: A WAITER SKATING UP TO HIS CUSTOMERS IN A GARDEN RESTAURANT IN BERLIN.



OWNED BY THE DUKE OF PORTLAND: THE HOTEL WITH THE LARGEST BAR
IN ENGLAND.

The Portland Arms Hotel, at Ashington, Northumberland, which is a free house owned by the Duke of Portland, has a larger bar than any other hotel in England. It is 96 feet long, 53 feet wide, and 20 feet high. To pay the expenses of the house alone it is necessary to take over £4000 a year.—[Photograph by Topical.]



AN AUTOMATIC 'BUS-TICKET MACHINE ON A
LAMP-POST IN PARIS.

Each passenger takes a number while waiting. The distribution Bureau for such tickets looks, therefore, like being superseded.—[Photograph by Ch. Delus.]

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

"The Dictator." The new musical play now running at Wyndham's exhibits in a rather interesting manner the way in which such works are manufactured. About five years ago a farce, called "The Dictator," was presented at the Comedy Theatre. It came from the United States, the author was Mr. Richard Harding Davis, and the company American. "The Dictator" proved to have an ingenious, logically-worked-out plot, with a genuinely clever dénouement: it had abundance of native humour, including an amazing store of picturesque American slang; and the cast, with Mr. William Collier as leader, acted admirably. In short, "The Dictator" was quite a brilliant farce, with a refreshingly novel flavour, and both it and the acting belonged honourably to dramatic art. So much for the nature of "The Dictator," which was warmly praised and received very favourably—as, indeed, are nearly all American ventures that deserve a favourable reception; for the outcry about prejudice in London against American plays and players has no foundation in fact, and merely represents the disappointment of people who have offered to us works quite obviously unsuitable, in some cases even plays so intensely local in humour as to be partly unintelligible.

"The Dictator" Mr. Seymour Hicks has becomes

"Captain Kidd." converted the brilliant farce into the book for a musical play. The enterprise was not altogether judicious, for the intrigue of "The Dictator" is too complicated and dry in humour to serve well as basis for a conventional musical play, and it could easily have been foreseen that the musical numbers would impede, or even kill, the dramatic action of the work. Moreover, the love interest of the original was slight, and treated unsentimentally. "Captain Kidd" is the outcome of the efforts of Mr. Seymour Hicks. It has the plot of "The Dictator," and it may possess some of the jokes. The dramatic movement has gone, and the character and colour have disappeared.

Travers, the American, a droll, energetic, well-drawn character, has become *Viscount Albany*—why I do not know: perhaps the actor or author is anxious to show his sympathy with the House of Lords in the great struggle which indirectly is causing me to write a whole column about a piece of comparatively little importance. *Viscount Albany* is Mr. Seymour Hicks, who makes no attempt to represent anybody but himself. The *Viscount* is the energetic Mr. Hicks, with imitations of Mr. Hayden Coffin, and also, I believe, of other popular people whom I failed to identify; is the indefatigable Mr. Hicks, with a desperate joke on his own name, connected with the idea "c'est moi"—Seymour; is the ebullient Mr. Hicks, full of "funniments," and wheezes, and gags, and bits of comic business that often seem impromptu; is the strenuous Mr. Hicks who, as performer, shows no respect for his efforts, if any, as author to write a thing of sufficient consistency to be a work of dramatic art. In place of the pertinent American humours are the customary English chestnuts, all of them very well received: there was not even a moan about

the reference to Britannia ruling the waves and not ruling them straight. The heroine was Miss Ellaline Terriss, a delightful person beloved by playgoers, who made no obvious effort to suggest the character of a prim American female missionary. In short, the clever American farce had become the commonplace English musical play, with a chorus more than commonly irrelevant, and a plot which got in the way of the music and music which got in the way of the plot.

Were We Downhearted?

Did such a metamorphosis depress the audience? Not a bit. They went to Wyndham's Theatre to see and hear Mr. Seymour Hicks as himself, and not as a person in a play: they welcomed him enthusiastically and applauded him strenuously. I don't know why, but that is my misfortune, though I can appreciate the pleasure given by the pretty singing and charming personality of Miss Ellaline Terriss. What, then, am I driving at? This. A defence of people who, whilst admitting the fact that there are millions that find great pleasure in pieces of the "Captain Kidd" type, regret, and express their regret, that so much of the theatre is given up to non-dramatic entertainments. No work is drama that is not self-respecting, and no work is self-respecting unless it aims at some level of plausibility, however humble. As soon as the piece and the players are wilfully "out of the picture" they are out of the theatre. This is no plea for their suppression, but merely for recognition of their status for the benefit of others. Yet to this must be added a word of regret that so much ability and money should be spent thus. The audience would, I believe, have been even more enthusiastic if the principals had played their parts, and not themselves; and if there had been more freshness in the humour and novelty in the jokes; and if the irrelevant collection of "Broadway belles" had not from time to time interrupted the action of the piece. "Captain Kidd" certainly pleased the majority,

and will be to the taste of thousands, but can only be praised as an entertainment.

The Music and the Players.

Mr. Leslie Stuart has not been inspired by the book, and as a result he used his little trademark phrase, which the *D. T.* neatly calls his "idiom," too lavishly, and some of the music had a trying Sousa flavour; but there are lively jingling tunes and some pretty songs, and several numbers were heartily encored. Most of the performers did try to keep "within the picture"—unfortunately, not much of a picture. Mr. Hugh E. Wright was quite funny as a melancholy low comedian; Messrs. Fred Lewis and Evelyn Beerbohm were quietly amusing, the one as a stage-detective and the other in the part of the wireless-telegraph operator. Miss Hilda Guiver made a picturesque figure of the passionate Juanita, and sang and acted with vigour. Miss Ivy St. Helier, after some rather mild humours in a Louie Freear part, astonished and delighted the house by singing a song with serious music, and singing it very well with a rich, strong voice—in fact, she made the hit of the evening.



FOLLOWING IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS—AND MOTHER'S: MISS PHYLLIS TERRY, WHO, AS MISS PHILLIDA TERSON, IS APPEARING IN "HENRY OF NAVARRE."

Miss Terry is the daughter of Mr. Fred Terry and of Mrs. Terry (Miss Julia Neilson). She is playing Marie Belleforet. Obviously, her stage-name is made up of the first syllable of her father's name and the last syllable of her mother's.—[Photograph by Ellis and Watery.]

VOTELESS, YET VOTE-GETTERS! LADIES WELL KNOWN IN THE WORLD OF POLITICS.—No. V.



1. LADY DOROTHY WOOD (RIPON DIVISION OF YORKSHIRE—WEST RIDING).
2. THE HON. MRS. FIENNES (BANBURY DIVISION OF OXFORDSHIRE).
3. LADY CHAYTOR (BISHOP AUCKLAND DIVISION OF DURHAM).

4. MRS. W. A. MOUNT (NEWBURY DIVISION OF BERKSHIRE).
5. LADY STRACHEY (SOUTH SOMERSET).
6. THE HON. MRS. PARTINGTON (HIGH PEAK DIVISION OF DERRYSHIRE).

7. MRS. CONINGSBY DISRAELI (RUSHCLIFFE DIVISION OF NOTTINGHAMSHIRE).
8. LADY HOLLAND (ROTHERHAM DIVISION OF YORKSHIRE—WEST RIDING).
9. MRS. JAMES STUART (SUNDERLAND).
10. MRS. PERCY HARRIS (SOUTH PADDINGTON).

As on previous occasions, we name, in brackets after each portrait, the constituencies for which the ladies' husbands are standing.

Photographs No. 1 by Val L'Estrange; 2, 5, and 6, by F. A. Swaine; 3, by Herbert Koester; 4, by Hawker and Sons; 7, by Payne, Aylesbury; 8, by Keturah Collings; and 10, by Thomson.

GROWLS

By COSMO HAMILTON.

Closing Hours.

I have not had any difficulty in discovering what to growl about this week. My subject was created for me when, having been bottled up for what appeared to be a week within the walls of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, I turned hungrily to the Savoy Hotel. I was not alone. No wise man ever goes to the Savoy Hotel alone. To be alone among a cheerful crowd is to undergo a form of penance which is quite unnecessary out of Lent. I went, as a matter of fact—this is the period for small and intimate details—with several cheery spirits

and their womenkind. Under those circumstances, and after a pantomime, two preliminaries are necessary—the removal of pantomime dust and the patient wait on or around the settee placed for mere men near the room in which ladies remove their cloaks. Late to begin with, by the time we found our table, agreed as to edibles, and settled down, it was later still. We were four courses behind in the race—a frightful handicap. The waiter, terrified by thoughts of those weird creatures on the London County Council, rushed us from dish to dish. The orchestra bolted its last three tunes, the quickly emptying tables were packed up for the night, and

Savoy Hotel by the scruff of the neck and shaking a stream of Apache French from between his teeth, my friends and I, as the light was turned out at our table just as we were about to settle down to coffee and cigars, humbly rose and felt our way to the place in which we had deposited hats and coats. There is only one word for this most arbitrary bye-law, or whatever it is, and that is cheek. It is ineffable cheek. One might as well permit the London County Council to make rules under which we all would have to be called at seven, tumble into the tub at ten minutes past seven, shave at ten minutes to eight, sit down to a breakfast composed of L.C.C. dishes at half-past eight, and stick our feet into L.C.C. goloshes at nine o'clock. We might as well permit them to say what views we are to hold on all subjects, where we may part our hair, what coloured ties we may wear, what papers we are to read, and whom we are to marry. This may be reducing the thing to an absurdity, but the thing itself begins by being absurd, and will remain an absurdity as long as it exists.

Pin-Pricks.

Think of it. Here is London, the first city in the world, filled with people of notable appetites, sung of by ancient bards, told of in story, who are unable to satisfy them after half-past twelve at night, except in their own homes or in their own clubs. Here is a city controlled by one and filled with other caterers, in which its inhabitants must go hungry to bed if their larders are not ready or they do not belong to a club. There is no place in all London to which a man may take his mother, his maiden aunt, his sister, and, last but not least, his wife, for a cheerful and well-served meal after half-past twelve. Growl? 'Pon my soul, the word "growl," unattended by one of genuine picturesqueness, is utterly and absolutely feeble. How long, I ask, must London wait? How long, fellow-sufferers, are we going to lie down under this abortive rule? There are bands of Crusaders extant who are devoting their life's blood to the revolution of the dress waistcoat. There are Bloods at Oxford and Cambridge who are giving up some of the best and most hefty years of their lives to the abolition of Greek. There are hundreds of disappointed spinsters performing mental and physical gymnastics for the institution of the vote. But sensible people like you and me and a hundred others pass through the years without raising anything more than feeble complaints at what is, I think you will agree with me, a monstrous and iniquitous piece of tyranny put upon us by a committee of persons intellectually unfitted to do anything more than to go about public parks and open spaces with sticks, with pins on the end of them, on which to pick up pieces of paper. Let us then, oh supper-eaters, band together and form ourselves into a Society for the Promotion of Proper Digestion and Reasonable Comfort. Who joins?



HOW THE "HUMAN PORCUPINE" WORE HIS SPIKED ARMOUR.

Our photograph shows a French detective wearing the spiked "armour" worn by an Apache who was caught the other day, and holding the prisoner's knife and revolver. Several policemen were wounded by the spikes while capturing the man, who hid his "armour" under a large black cape.

Photograph by W. G. P.

before we had arrived uncomfortably at the ices, the whole dining-room had the appearance of a place under a war-scare. Lights went out, fiddles were packed away, knives, forks and table-cloths were snatched up. It seemed to be a case of *sauf qui peut*. All because a body of creatures in side-spring boots and dickies with detachable cuffs and broadcloth clothes made up what they pigheadedly call their minds that English people must not be permitted to eat, smoke, drink coffee, listen to the strains of Viennese music, and predict the result of the General Election after half-past twelve.

The Uncivilised City.

If this isn't a subject for a red-hot growl, be good enough to name one. To my mind, there is no indignity put upon civilised people in a civilised city so amazing as this one—and no piece of impudence so confoundingly annoying as this. Picture to yourself what would happen in Paris, Vienna, Buenos Aires, Madrid, or St. Petersburg if a collection of third-raters closed restaurants at such an hour. There would be a revolution. Men and women in any of those cities would make the welkin ring as it never rang before. Civilised foreigners would no more consent to be flung into the streets at a certain hour than they would undertake to stand on their heads in the middle of traffic to amuse a curious and indefinable thing called a conscience. But we, natives of a free country, a country so free that it permits foreign goods to enter untaxed, put up with it year after year without even writing badly punctuated letters to the half-penny papers. Instead of rising and taking the manager of the



THE QUILLS OF THE FRETFUL APACHE: THE SPIKES AND THE WEAPONS OF THE "HUMAN PORCUPINE."

As may be noted, the spikes are mounted in leather.

Photograph by W. G. P.

The World—Through the Eyes of a Pessimist.

FOR SALE.



NO. III.—WHEN HE FEELS THAT HE IS IN FOR A SORE THROAT.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDLY.

KEYNOTES

THE PRICE OF AN AUDIENCE.

The Advent of the Aspirants.

Another season of music is opening in town, yet a few weeks and the advertisement columns of the daily Press will bear witness to the number of the unknown who wish to be unknown no longer. They come from the four corners of our country, and sometimes from overseas, one and all convinced that they can sing or play in such fashion that nothing but a public hearing stands between them and a lengthy list of engagements. For the most part, these aspirants to honours, fame, and fortune are young, ambitious, and very poor, in experience, if not in worldly goods. Few, if any, have taken the trouble to realise that in the present overstocked condition of the music market there is no room for an addition to the fairly generous supply of mediocrities already in our midst.

Agents of Two Kinds. One of the first steps is to get a hearing from a musical agent. Not infrequently he is a blunt, honest man; he says plainly that while the applicant has "good gifts," they are not of the kind for which the public is calling out. There is no extraordinary measure of technical efficiency or interpretative insight that will make the applicant's performance better than that of a dozen others. When we are very young, the criticism meted out to us must not be candid: it must be sugar-candied. In the case of the player and singer rejected by the first-class honest agent, there are plenty of ambitious or urgent relatives or friends to declare that the agent is merely working to keep the great artists on his books from competition that would ruin them. A man of less repute, one of the kind whose achievements are sometimes submitted to an impartial jury of his fellow-countrymen, may be found without very great difficulty, and he is straightway enchanted by playing that recalls Pachmann, Paderewski, Ysaye, or the late Signor Piatti at their best, or singing that promises to leave Melba, Tetrassini, and Kirkby Lunn disconsolate and without work. He is strongly of opinion that a recital should be given forthwith, and is prepared to do everything—hire the hall, advertise the concert, engage assistance, print programmes, invite the Press—in fact, assure the complete triumph of the youthful genius for the trifling sum of forty or fifty pounds. It would be more, and ought to be, but he is content to work for bare "out-of-pockets" in order to assist at the debut of such a promising artist. His fine feeling for talent has often stood between him and a well-lined pocket, but he does not regret it. And he tells stories of the famous men and women who owe their very first engagement to him, but have forgotten the kindness, and never refer to it in biographical sketches or interviews.

"Mere Out-of-Pocket Expenses."

Very often it is a great struggle to find the forty or fifty pounds for "mere out-of-pocket expenses." Sometimes savings are exhausted, friends and relatives are canvassed with desperate energy worthy of a General Election. Clearly the recital is the last difficult obstacle in the race for prosperity; once this has been negotiated the field is clear, the going easy. The agent receives his money, pays ten or twelve pounds for a hall, and another ten for printing and advertisements. He may approach one or two very poor strugglers who

could not raise twenty pounds to save their souls, and say that if they can pay a guinea or two, or sell four or five pounds' worth of tickets they shall take part in the recital and tread an inexpensive road to fame. The writer has heard of cases where men and women have canvassed all their connections to raise a few pounds that they may be allowed to assist a debutant, and have been forced to hire, or even to borrow, clothes suitable to a public appearance.

Tickets Given Away.

In the meantime a poster or two, a pile of half-guinea tickets for stalls, a programme, and one or two advertisements have roused the hero or heroine of the occasion to enthusiasm, that is only slightly dashed when the candid agent, a shade less enthusiastic since the forty or fifty pounds passed safely to his banking account, suggests that as much of this paste-board as cannot be sold be given away, because the general public is unlikely to demand it in large quantities. Before, in the early interviews, he had pointed out that the first hundred applications for half-guinea tickets would more than clear his trifling charge for "out-of-pockets," and that everything else would be profit. In fact, his new suggestion may not be followed; it may be thought that the agent is

not quite honest—horrible suspicion!—and that he wishes to make some profit on the business after all by selling the stalls to the public without accounting for the money received.

The Great Day. The great day arrives, the hall reveals the presence of a small group of friends and "a beggarly array of empty benches." A few busy critics, with two or three other performances to watch elsewhere, look in for half-an-hour or less, and suggest in their brief notices the need for prolonged study and the conquest of difficulties never noticed before. Two days later, the applicant for fame and fortune has been entirely forgotten; other butterflies are paying for their expensive glimpse of sunshine; the agent has no engagements to offer them—he may be too busy to grant further interviews. These be bitter truths; but if they give pause to a few whose experience is not equal to their ambitions, they will not have been set down in vain. COMMON CHORD.



A RHAPSODY BY LISZT.

DRAWN BY HAYES.

BLIND OBEDIENCE.

FOR SALE



THE INSTRUCTOR IN THE ART OF SKI-ING: Now, please, telemark.

DRAWN BY C. FLEMING WILLIAMS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

DAME FORTUNE AND HER WOOERS.*

THERE is no gainsaying the fact: we are all gamblers. Some of us have the strength to resist the temptation to flirt outrageously with Dame Fortune, but flirt with her we all do, and must. She is a treacherous, fascinating partner in the dance of Life: coy enough to be alluring, well-dowered enough to be attractive, ever willing to be wooed, ever shy of being won. The eager footsteps of her myriad victims mark the sands of Time, lead towards the mirage-land of the rainbow-gold; many are crushing them beneath their hurrying feet; others will tread where they have trod—and so till the end of the world. She is a Cleopatra—the city casts her people out upon her; and beggary, hopeless in the market-place, does sit alone, whistling to the air, which, but for vacancy, would go to gaze on Cleopatra too, and make a gap in nature. Her story is as strange as are her caprices. Many have told it with what detail they could; none, perhaps, with greater ability than Mr. Nevill.

"Light Come, Light Go," is a record of the fickle jade's triumphs and of her occasional failures in her perpetual fight against those who would be "multipliers," and yet are not seekers of the Philosopher's Stone. Remarkable indeed are those she has flouted and favoured; more remarkable, the methods by which they have schemed to gain her good offices. See the miserly gamester, Mr. Elwes, known, until he inherited a fortune, as Mr. Meggot: "A clerical neighbour had agreed to accompany Mr. Elwes to Newmarket. As was the latter's custom, they set out on their journey at seven in the morning, and, with the hope of a substantial breakfast at Newmarket, the clergyman took no refreshment before starting. . . . Eventually four o'clock arrived, and by this time his reverence had become so impatient that he murmured something about the 'keen air of Newmarket Heath' and the comforts of a good dinner.

'Very true,' replied Elwes, 'have some of this,' offering him at the same time a piece of old, crushed pancake from his great-coat pocket. He added that he had brought it from his house at Marchant two months before, but 'that it was as good as new.' Such was the man who that very day had hazarded £7000; who, after sitting up all night playing for thousands with the most

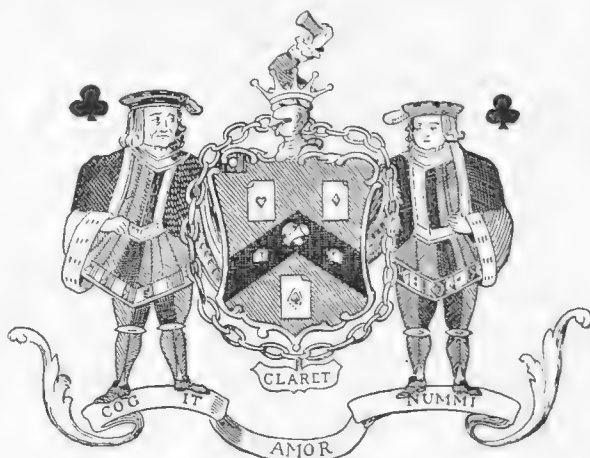
fashionable profligates of the day, would walk to Smithfield to meet his own cattle, and haggle in the rain with a carcass-butcher over a shilling; who once sat at piquet for thirty-six consecutive hours. As thorough, in another sense, was that Thomas Kerridge who, in the

middle of the eighteenth century, says tradition, gambled away Shelley Hall, in Suffolk, room by room, "and, when all the contents were gone and the house gutted, pulled down certain portions and gambled away the bricks."

The sums lost at games of chance were, of course, enormous, and there were ever "contents" and "non-contents," even among the Commoners. Charles James Fox, "who joined Brooks's when he was sixteen, once sat in the club playing at hazard for twenty-two hours in succession, when he lost £11,000. At twenty-five he was a ruined man, though his father had paid £140,000 for him out of his own property. In 1793 his friends raised £70,000 to pay his debts and buy him an annuity." Another player at the same club lost £70,000, and everything else he possessed, including his carriage and horses, which were his last stake. General Scott, father-in-law of George Canning and the Duke of Portland, is said to have won £200,000 at whist. Colonel Henry Mellish (born in 1780) "plunged" immediately after coming of age. On one occasion, he staked £40,000 at a single throw, and lost. It is said that he forfeited a similar amount to the Prince Regent at a sitting; at another, he rose from the table the loser of £97,000, resumed his place on the arrival of the Duke of Sussex, and won from him, in two or three hours, £100,000.

Of eccentric wagers there was no end. Those that accompany the average American election are unoriginal compared with many of them. What is rolling a peanut down Broadway, or waltzing round Madison Square, to riding a horse from London to Edinburgh backwards, the horse's head towards Scotland, the rider's towards England—a feat performed in less than four days, in 1735, by Count de Buckeburg? What to journeying from Paris to Fontainebleau and back before a man could prick half a million pin-holes in a piece of paper; to beating a rival at an eating match by a pig and apple-pye; to standing on one leg for twelve hours and three minutes?

Such were the methods and the gamblers of the good old days! It is not wonderful that the black leg flourished as the green bay-tree. More wonderful is it that coups such as that brought about by Calzado were not more



THE WHIMSICAL OLD COAT-OF-ARMS OF WHITE'S CLUB.

"Vert (for a card-table); between three parols, proper, on a chevron sable, two rouleaux in saltire between two dice, proper. In a canton, sable, a ball (for election), argent. Supporters, an old knave of clubs on the dexter, a young knave on the sinister side; both accoutred proper. Crest, issuing out of an Earl's coronet (Lord Darlington's), an arm shaking a dice-box, all proper. Motto alluding to the crest, 'Cogit amor nummi.' The arms encircled with a claret-bottle ticket by way of order."



AS IT USED TO BE: "A ROW IN A FASHIONABLE HELL."

Illustrations Reproduced from "Light Come, Light Go," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

numerous: "Calzado once went to Havana and bought up every pack of cards in the place, having previously freighted a vessel with marked playing-cards, which arrived just in time to supply the dealers, whose stocks were completely exhausted. With the cards he had prepared, Calzado played incessantly, and for high stakes, being, as an inevitable result, a constant and heavy winner."

* "Light Come, Light Go—Gambling, Gamesters, Wagers, the Turf." By Ralph Nevill. (Macmillan, 15s. net.)

NOT A FLY FISHERMAN.



THE INTEMPERATE ANGLER (sitting on a railway-bridge): No goodsh for roach from this bridge: too many shteam-barges about.

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE-WILSON.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

A FLIRT IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND.

By NINA BALMAINE.

ACCORDING to the family Bible, Julia Walsingham was thirty-four, but she pleaded guilty to twenty-six with such ingenuous frankness that everybody believed her. She had been engaged many times, but never for longer than three months at a stretch, although she had been introduced to each man's family as the only girl a really sensible person could marry.

The rolling-stone nature of Julia's affections at last caused her to be classed as incurably fickle, and friendly attentions from young men suddenly ceased. To make matters more deplorable, she thoughtlessly rolled herself into rotundity; the sylph-like contours of a perfect figure gradually became obliterated by flesh too solid to yield to banting or *batiste*. She took serious counsel with herself as to the quickest method of acquiring a husband. There was no time to wait for a man to come to woo her, so she dressed herself in a dainty costume and went forth to battle.

By a fortunate accident, she ran right into the arms of Jack Homebird, a cynical married man whom she had flouted long ago, when he thought her too beautiful for this sordid earth. Julia was then at the zenith of her destructive power as a beauty; she was also extremely foolish, and thought the sea was alive with fish. Many girls bask in the sunshine of this delusion, though a little time spent in reverie would reveal the fact that goldfish are not found in the sea at all.

Every time Jack got his proposal trained in her direction, she giggled and ran out of range. He saw that she was playing with him, and, out of sheer revenge, married an elderly lady with lots of cash and the constitution of an eagle. There was no affectation of sentiment in the affair, but he had been a chronic borrower from early youth, and she was so impulsively generous that he learned to love her.

He was sorry for Julia now, and so grateful for his own escape that he undertook to help her to stalk a husband, although his conscience told him it was a cruel conspiracy against his fellow-man.

Julia cheerily confessed that, as she would soon be twenty-seven (that is to say, thirty-five), it was really time for her to sober down and be of some use in the world. The idea of including posterity in the purview of her altruistic intentions seemed to invest the pursuit of man with a lofty spiritual purpose.

Jack Homebird cordially approved, and they proceeded to plan the ambushade. It was rather a protracted business, as they differed widely on the important question of tactics.

"I cannot for the life of me see why you object to dances and musical evenings," said Julia, with a pout.

"My dear girl, the men you catch that way are only fit to be let loose again out of pity."

"But I play uncommonly well; even you——"

"Don't remind me of those days, Julia. Can't you see that, while a woman tweekle-eedles and twoodle-oodles on a piano, the right man gets no chance. He seldom plays or sings. He leaves that sort of thing to the dandies and thinks of something else."

"What?"

"The refreshments probably."

"The brute!"

"Exactly; he likes to be fed, and it gives him a chance of gauging your form as a hostess. A wise man always asks himself how a future wife will treat his guests."

"I never thought of that."

"Few girls do, Julia. Their vanity makes them imagine that a man would deem it sacrilege to worry about food when his divinity was warbling melodious moonshine about l-o-v-e and flow-wow-werrs."

"Do tell me what you mean in a way I can understand."

"Well, all things considered, and especially having regard to your erratic past, I strongly recommend the rôle of the ingénue for you."

"Why?"

"Because it deceives the most experienced bachelor, and gives a neophyte in love no chance at all."

"I don't quite like that, but tell me what I have to do without any more flippancies."

"Listen. Ask the predestined person to lend you a book or something and tell him to bring it in the afternoon. When he

comes, receive him in a pretty apron and have your hands all over flour. Say you are sure he is laughing at you, but you take a delight in domestic duties and were making cakes for tea. Tell him you would ask him to stay, but, unfortunately, everything is home-made, as you were not expecting anybody. If you had known he was coming things would have been very different. He will think you naïve and natural, and when a man makes that mistake his days of blessed singleness are drawing to a close."

"But I can't make cakes or cook anything, although most girls swear they can make puddings."

"They ought to be labelled anæsthetics."

"I can learn, of course."

"There is no need to wait for that. Just buy a nice one and insinuate that it is yours. You can manage the apron and the flour. Your hair should look as if the zephyrs had been cake-walking in it. Tell him you are awfully untidy, and that it was mean of him to force his way in when you looked a perfect fright."

"That sounds rather deceitful, doesn't it?"

"Oh, Heaven excuses such things in a woman. After you are married, and he has some experience of your culinary eccentricities, he will be as mad as St. George and the Dragon mixed, but it will avail him naught."

"I shall make as good a wife as most women, I am sure."

"I should hope so."

"Don't be so horribly smart."

"Now, Julia, where are we going to find the fatted—I mean the victim?"

"I know the man I want already."

"Thanks. You have removed a ton of remorse from my mind. Who is the person for whom you project this halcyon doom?"

"He is an author—Mr. Laurelle."

"That makes it easy—no knowledge of stagecraft necessary."

"Eh?"

"A man like that can be lured into the toils without trouble. It will only require a little diplomacy to make him believe that you are the woman he has been waiting for all these weary years."

"I want him to feel that," said Julia, rather hurt by Jack's cynicism.

"No doubt; but when he is engrossed in his work you will have to show him your marriage-lines to remind him that you are his wife."

"I'll manage him better than you think."

"Ah, I lived with a literary man once; he was a human acrostic, and Common Sense wasn't the solution."

"He is a bit fond of me, but hates flirts."

"If you can avoid that virtuous form of indiscretion he will be as plastic as clay in your accomplished hands."

"I should like to say something extremely unpleasant to you, Jack."

"Don't consider my feelings, Julia; impunity in insult, you know, is the privilege of your sex."

Julia set about the siege of the author on the lines laid down by Jack Homebird.

Mr. Laurelle was, among other things, a poet, and sought inspiration in a public park in the evening. He was madly fond of flowers, and like many men similarly sensitive to their beauty, he could not grow them at home, for you could not swing a cat in his garden—at least, not with any degree of comfort to the cat.

Julia met him quite accidentally, of course, and asked him about his work. He gave her a voluble bibliography of all he had written since a child. She told him she had nothing to read worth reading, and he immediately pressed her to accept a copy of his poetic drama, "The Startled Gazelle." It was really an allegory, he explained, without illuminating Julia's mind much, though she smiled at him as if she thoroughly understood the æsthetic value of the qualification.

He walked home with her, and gladly promised to come to tea some evening.

Mr. Laurelle was a very simple man, and quite unused to society. His idea of perfect bliss involved a couple of cats, barricades of books, and a chaos of crockery in every stage of fragility.

[Continued overleaf.]

SATIRICAL—AND SATANIC.



THE CANDIDATE (after a stormy meeting): How the dickens did they find out about those contracts? That's queered my pitch!

THE OLD HAND: Not a bit of it, my dear Sir—you just wait till the last day. Then we'll slam out door-to-door leaflets—thousands of 'em—suggesting that your opponent's a Mormon.



THE CONSCIENTIOUS ELECTOR: No, I'd rather vote for the devil than for you!

THE OBLIGING CANDIDATE: Just so, my dear Sir; but may I count upon your vote in the event of your candidate not coming up to the poll?

DRAWINGS BY HOPE READ.

He went to Julia's to tea, and she behaved so sensibly and charmingly that he metaphorically smote himself for not having seen long ago that life was a howling wilderness without a wife.

She sang to him, and he liked her songs because they were not too saccharine in sentiment.

Then Julia drew him out on the poets. He was entranced, and trilled poetry like a nightingale. Julia was obliged to admit that she had not found time to read "The Startled Gazelle," and he repaired the unfortunate omission by reading out reams of that regal balderdash.

The poor girl could not follow his rapturous periods, but she dramatised all the outward and visible signs of listening till her ears ached.

It was a glorious evening for both, and she invited him to come whenever he chose, and guide her choice of books.

As he said good-night on the steps, he felt like one in a dream. The sky was a turquoise blue and sparkled with stars. He pointed out a few of the more fashionable planets, and also drew her admiring eye to some middle-class asteroids, and asked her if she liked astronomy.

Julia declared she doted on it. She thought it was a safe dote, for to most girls the word astronomy covers a multitude of science.

He bent over her hand with the grace of a troubadour, and went home the happiest man in the world.

Julia was agreeably surprised. She had heard that poets were "gey ill to live with," but he seemed a charming man and so simple. No doubt he was touchy when at work; still, she would keep out of the way in those hours. Like many people who do not write, she imagined that a literary man produces masterpieces by a sleight-of-hand in which a pen takes the place of a wand. She retired to rest with a strong conviction that something had been attempted and something done.

Mr. Laurelle felt that he was walking on air as he went home, and his whole being throbbed with bliss. An ordinary man in love is bad enough, in all conscience, but a poet in the toils of Cupid becomes a tumultuous imbecile.

He found his cat curled up on the draft of a sonnet intended for the *Spectator*, or, failing acceptance there, any other paper accustomed to reward choric exaltation with cheques. Sleep was out of the question, but he positively welcomed insomnia, and resolved to spend the waking hours in writing a letter that would make Julia proud of him; the sort of epistle she would publish after his death.

Mr. Laurelle's conception of Love was august, and glittered with Arthurian rectitude. He professed a knightly chivalry, and offered a devotion of such ardour that no caprice of Julia's could chill it. This fanfare of adulation wound up with an impromptu ode to her eyes, which so correctly catalogued the glories of those orbs that it might have been written by an oculist with a gift for rhyme.

When this avalanche of sentiment fell on Julia she gasped with amazement, and soon got hopelessly out of her depth in the welter of unfamiliar words in which he expressed his adoration. Among other high-flown compliments, he called her his Egeria, which she did not understand, and feared to look up in the Encyclopædia, lest Egeria should prove to be a goddess whose gowns were made on the model of Atalanta's and other ladies of the allegorical Smart Set.

Julia wisely refrained from answering it, and he called in some trepidation a few days later. He had never been so wildly in

love before, and feared that he might have overdone it. She, however, put him at his ease on that point, and he became a frequent guest at the house.

Julia had a varied experience of lovers, from the ultra-shy to the forward, but Mr. Laurelle eclipsed them all in the variety and vehemence of his emotions. Nature had denied him the sense of humour; he pranced and posed with bewildering gusto, without the slightest idea that he was ridiculous. He was madly in love with her, and she was flattered, of course, though often confused. She attributed his ornate style of wooing to his natural fondness for poetry, aggravated by her fatal beauty. He ought to have been born in the Middle Ages, and careered over the meads on a gaily caparisoned palfrey. It was hard work living up to the legendary loveliness of mind and body with which he recklessly endowed her. But why didn't he propose? This thought worried Julia intensely. Had he already done it in his knightly way, and she had missed her cue? She was waiting for the old-fashioned formula, and it never occurred to her that, as a minor poet, he might be too fastidious to use such an ordinary word as "wife." He called her, so she inferred from a madrigal in an evening paper, "My Lady of Dreams." In an indirect way, she was undoubtedly his fiancée, but she heartily wished he would come off his frenzied Pegasus and confirm it in plain English.

Now, Julia generally managed matters so that he should avoid meeting other friends until he could be introduced as her future husband, for then his Sir Galahad style of gallantry would be excused. One evening, however, an old lover called: he was a bank clerk with a divine moustache. He was also deeply in debt. Julia was in a radiant humour, and simply could not resist the temptation to flirt. She cooed and languished and rather neglected Mr. Laurelle, who was puzzled at first and finally took refuge in deep thought. He made no allowances for the civilities due to a fellow-guest. He reminded himself that he was an author, and therefore a possible celebrity, and yet "My Lady of Dreams" left him out in the cold while she flirted audaciously with a man who probably could not think succinctly for five consecutive minutes. Poets are sensitive creatures, and can give points in pride to Lucifer.

He did not understand the persiflage of his companions, and felt that he was being made to look foolish.

Julia was not an alert observer, and saw nothing of the turmoil that was tearing Mr. Laurelle's delicate nerves to shreds. He fancied that the other man saw his discomfiture and was enjoying it. This infuriated him, and he abruptly bade them good-night with a chilling politeness which prevented her from saving the situation.

She felt very crestfallen and sad as the detonation of his angry feet on the pavement died away, and no sophistry of the bank-clerk could reassure her. He tried to persuade her that the poet's exhibition of jealousy was common to all men, and would be forgotten in the morning.

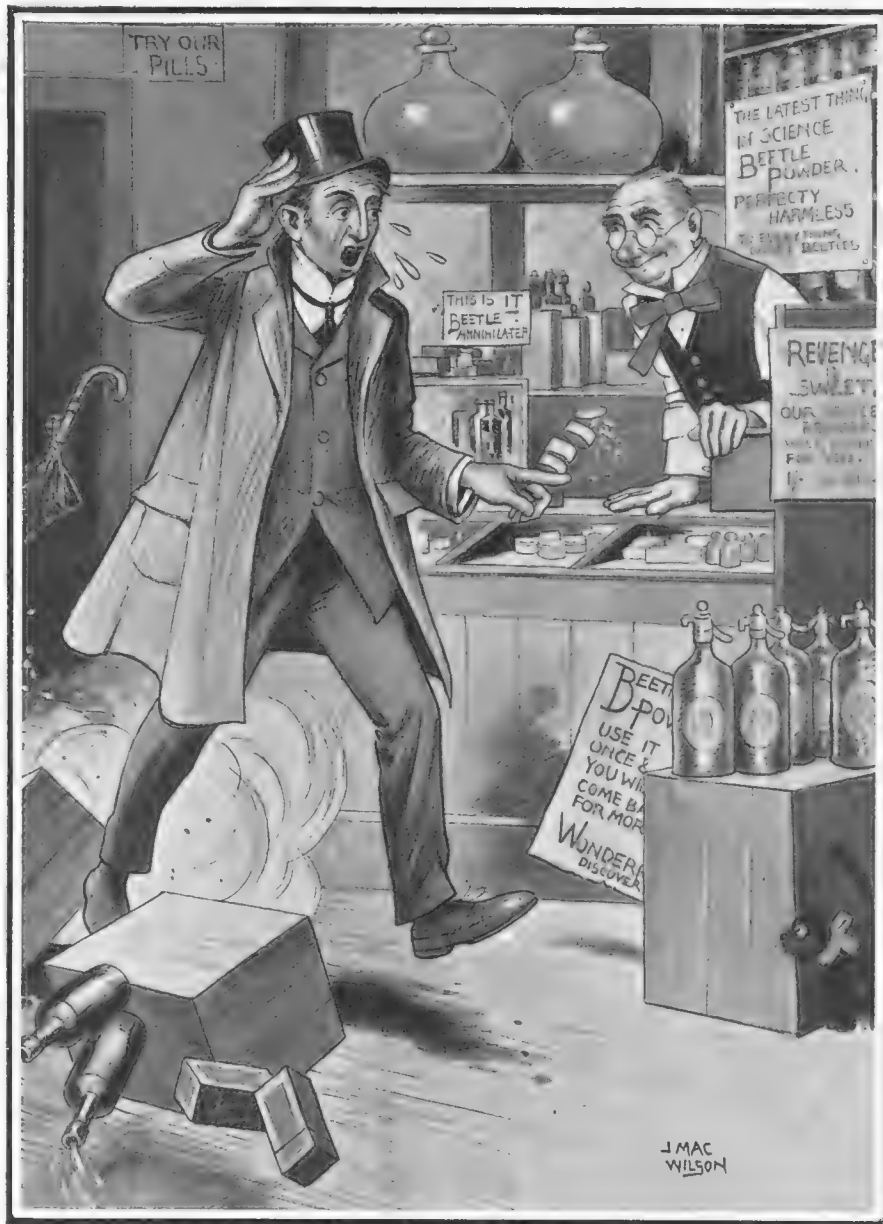
Mr. Laurelle was not like other men, and Julia knew that it would be dangerous to deduce comfort from her friend's hypothesis.

The next day came and the next, and the author made no sign. Then she wrote him a cajoling little note saying how dreadfully she missed his visits; but he was a master of the epistolary rapier, and replied with a caustic courtesy that caused her poignant anguish.

He came no more.

A year later she heard that he was married, and then someone sent her a small sheet of notepaper bearing the typewritten legend, "A bird in the hand should be held."

THE END.



EXTREMELY AGITATED CUSTOMER: Hi! Give me another half-pound of your beetle-powder, quick!
CHEMIST (who is the proud inventor of same): Oh, I'm glad you like it.
CUSTOMER: Yes, I have one beetle at home who is already very ill. If I can only get back before he recovers and give him another dose, I believe he'll die.

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON

NOW YOU HAVE ZENA AS THE LITTLE DUKE.



DEFENCE, NOT DEFIANCE: MISS ZENA DARE AS THE DUC DE RICHELIEU.

Miss Zena Dare is touring with much success as the Duc de Richelieu in "The Little Duke," the part which, it will be remembered, was created by Miss Ellaline Terriss, now engaged in "Captain Kidd."

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.



THE CUSTOMER: Hi, waiter! What do you mean on the menu by "Brown Soup," "Jonesed Eggs," and "Harrised Mutton"?
THE WAITER: Well, Sir, you see, Sir, we often give dishes names of our clients who die after bein' reg'lar customers here.

DRAWN BY PHILIP BAYNES.

THE PERFECT MAN

Morning Dress.

Curious though it may seem to many, there are those who, otherwise generally well dressed, find it a little difficult to distinguish between what may be called morning dress and that which is better described as morning wear. The former is much more formal than the latter. For morning dress the coat should be either a morning-coat or a frock-coat; of late the tendency has been to adopt the former style. It is usually made of a black angola or camel's-hair cloth, having a dull surface which is sometimes marked with a faint twill. The edges are finished in two distinct styles; the more popular is quite plain, or at most a very neat row of stitching; the more "dressy" style has braid on the edges, put on in the manner known as flat braiding, which is considered by tailors to be the best example of their art in the matter of edge-finishes, and is certainly a style that is not easily imitated in the cheaper goods. Very large numbers of this kind of coat are being worn in the West End, and there is good evidence for stating that they will continue to be popular during the coming season. The fronts are made with lapels rolling down to the waist, which allows full scope for the display of the vest both above and below the buttoning-point. There are two styles of lapels used on these: the first is finished with a right-angle step at the collar end, and the second has a pointed lapel with only the smallest possible space between the

end of the collar and the top of the lapel. The fronts of the skirts are smartly cut away, so as to allow full view of the trousers. The skirts are long enough to come to the bend of the knee, the bottom part being finished off with a neat curve.

The Frock-Coat.

The alternative garment is the double-breasted frock-coat, made from similar material and finished in a very similar way to the morning-coat, only that the flat, braided edge is not so popular on the frock-coat, as it is apt to produce an "overdone" effect. Most men have their frock-coats made up with plain edges, but they add brightness to the dull surface of the cloth by plaited twist-buttons placed in threes up each side, and bright silk facings put on the fronts and brought to the end of the holes, where their edges run parallel to the outside of the lapel. The angle of the opening at the top of the lapel varies a good deal as made by different tailoring firms; but it is quite the exception for them to slope upwards in West-End-made garments — indeed, some famous tailors make them to slope downwards.

Pockets.

both these styles of coat should preferably be placed on the inside; but as this is a matter upon which individual tastes differ, we can only say that, whilst the neater effect is obtained when the pockets are out of sight, yet there are many well-dressed men who have an outside pocket put in the left breast, and in it they carry

their handkerchief, etc. Flaps are often added to the hips of morning-coats, and are sometimes braided; but it often happens that the pockets are still placed

on the inside, and the sole use of the flaps is to make the garment smart. The ticket-pocket, which is perhaps one of the most useful of all, is now generally put in the left facing, where it is quite handy and is much neater than the old style, which often left a gaping opening at the waist-seam in front. For all dress occasions men should carefully eliminate all surplus materials from the pockets, for bulkiness in these quarters spoils the fit and form of the best-made garments.



GUARDIAN OF THE TSAR: HIS MAJESTY'S FAVOURITE COSSACK ATTENDANT.

Photograph by Fornari.

An Improvement. One of the greatest improvements that has taken place in coats and jackets during recent years has been the exchange of the old style of flax canvas, which was at one time universally used for interlining, for a new make of goods prepared from horse-hair and wool, which is so woven that it naturally imparts a convex shape to the garment, and most effectually prevents the turning-back of the front, which was formerly so unsightly. Coats for morning dress need to be smart, and this greatly assists in keeping them in good shape and preventing those folds and creases which give the coat a worn-out appearance. Two styles of vest are worn for morning dress; the more popular is the single-breasted no-collar, but the smarter style is the double-breasted, provided with a good amount of overlap, and fastening with three or four buttons. These vests are usually made of the same material as the coat, and the edges finished in the same way, the buttons also corresponding.

Trousers.

With the above coats and vests, trousers of striped cashmeres are worn; the most popular shade is a dark grey, but this is sometimes brightened up with the introduction of a coloured silk or linen thread, such as blue, scarlet, or green. These are so fine that they are hardly noticeable, except in the general effect, which is thereby made a good deal brighter.

Hats.

The present tendency of the silk hat is towards a slightly belled crown and a trifle narrower and flatter brim. A narrow cloth band is usually worn on these, which not only serves the purpose of complimentary mourning should it be so required, but its dull surface acts as a better set-off to the bright gloss of the crown.

Tie.

The neckwear for such an outfit should be rather more in evidence than for morning wear, the collar a little deeper, and either of the double or winged pattern, worn with a tie that is bright, but not showy, and of fair size. Self-colour ties are very popular, and many artistic shades are now offered for this purpose. The soft-fronted shirt is not much worn for morning dress, though it is sometimes seen.

W. D. F. V.



THE BOURBON NOSE: AN ILLUSTRATION DESIGNED TO SHOW THE RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN "PRINCE JEAN DE BOURBON" (WHO CLAIMS THE TITLE OF KING OF FRANCE) NAUENDORFF, LOUIS XVI., AND LOUIS XIV. That the resemblance may appear more pronounced, "Prince Jean de Bourbon's" moustache has been removed (by the artist), and he is shown in a powdered wig. The portraits run from left to right.



By HENRY LEACH.

Going to the Riviera.

They tell us in the daily papers that everybody has been coming back from the Continent lately in order to take a share, great or small, in this terrible General Election. That may apply to ordinary people, but it does not apply to the golfers. On the contrary, I find that they are going abroad in great numbers at the present time, though it may not be anything to their credit as citizens. If you go on to the platforms at Charing Cross or Victoria any day now a little while before the departure of the Continental expresses, you will generally see several well-laden bags of clubs; and in passing, I would like to ask again why it is that those bags are always so well laden; why they so often contain many more clubs than the player ever uses, why they contain some that he has never used before? The answer is, I suppose—indeed, I know, for I have done it myself—that a man has always a sneaking sort of belief that in the special circumstances which are about to ensue he may play a better and a fuller game than he has ever done before, that he may need to make some exhaustive experiments in the perfecting of it, and so forth. But this idea generally leads ultimately to some degree of failure. To get the best play out of a golfing holiday of any kind, and particularly out of one on a strange course, it is wisest to take the fewest clubs possible, and those all old favourites. Lately, I saw a man off to Pau who had four drivers, two brassies, two spoons, two cleeks, and three putters, and I told him that I hoped he would have a good time, but in some ways I rather doubted whether he would.

Old Favourites.

Biarritz and Cannes have probably been the two favourite golfing-places of the South of France hitherto—and are so still, for that matter; but new ones are springing up all along the littoral, and some of them are reported to be very good and to be threatening the supremacy of the best. For example, the young course at Costebelle is attracting much attention. Willie Park has been at work upon its design and bunkering system; and some good players who have been there lately have not hesitated to say that it is at least as good as any other course on the Riviera. Still, Cannes is quite good; in recent times it has been much improved; and although golfers are not supposed to care anything about scenery, that which surrounds this course, with the Alpes Maritimes and the blue Mediterranean dominating it, is very fine and impressive. There is a very curious thing you may see in print at Cannes, or used to. In the local rules of the golf-course it was

enacted that "A lady may not play with a gentleman," and "Members of the same family may not play together." These injunctions most probably referred only to competitions, but they were rather unkind, anyhow. Some of the visitors would ask if a lady might play with a man who was not a gentleman! The golf at Nice is much better than it used to be. At one time its controllers had the utmost difficulty in preserving the grass during the summer droughts; but, thanks to experiments with seeds, chemical manures, and a splendid system of irrigation, this trouble has been almost neutralised. The river Loup bounds the course, and from it a 22-h.p. pump attracts the water into a central canal at the rate of fifteen hundred gallons a minute; and all through the summer-time the links can be completely flooded four times a month, if necessary. These two courses, Cannes and Nice, being in the recognised roulette area, it may be added that there are more new ones being made there. There is one at Mentone, and another at Monte Carlo itself, the latter to have an expensive club house made for it.



BETWEEN THE BOUTS OF ELECTION WORK, MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL GOLFING
Photograph by Dunn.

golfers have gone to Biarritz for their game. They have sometimes been a little disappointed in their first visit, but liked it very much afterwards. Biarritz, like St. Andrews, is to some extent an acquired taste. The golf there is adventurous, very. Who has not heard of the famous Cliff hole, where you make your tee far down in the depths below, and play up—if you can—to a

Points of Biarritz.

putting-green on the heights above? It needs a very fine shot, and a lucky one, to get the ball anywhere near the hole. If this hole were on any of our leading courses here at home it would be condemned unmercifully, and its abolition would be prayed for daily; but at Biarritz you only love and admire it, and no golfer who goes there would have it extinguished. Pau is the sister of Biarritz from the golfing point of view. Some will have it that the golf there is better; it is of a different type, anyhow. And there is a fine rivalry between the places, representatives (all British) of which once a year contest by foursome for the Cup that was given



AT THE HYERES GOLF CLUB: WELL-KNOWN PLAYERS AT TEA.

At the head of the table, R. Jones; on the left, Woodfield, Braid, and Herd; on the right, Taylor, Vardon, and Freemantle.
Photograph by Sports Company.

by the late Lord Kilmaine, this being the most celebrated of Continental golfing trophies. Of course there is much play to be had in Italy too, and one calls to mind a score of places, both there and in France, where the golf is very good in the winter, though they may not be among the favourite winter resorts. I recall Le Touquet, for example, which is a really first-class course, where you have to play golf and the best of it, and not trick shots.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Cars for the "Free and Enlightened."

Those who are sufficiently keen from a party point of view to lend their cars to the candidates for Parliamentary honours upon the day of election should bear in mind the particularly rough usage to which their vehicles are certain to be subjected. The many-headed will assuredly seat himself anywhere but where nature and the body-builder intended he should, and so it is best to be prepared for this. If the weather permits, I would urge taking off the mud-guards, for a sudden spring and seat thereon, as the car is driving off and the driver has his attention diverted, is a thing the loafer loves to do. Lamps should not be worn, and if a Cape-cart hood and screen are fitted, these should be taken down and left in the motor-house. If the seats and the rest of the upholstery are not provided with linen covers, then the cushions should be removed, and some folded rugs laid in their places. Obviously, such advice as this is intended for those who are likely to send their cars into roughish neighbourhoods. In districts where "gentler manners reign" such particular precautions are obviously unnecessary.

Advance in Tyre-Construction.

The new Continental tyres which are being put on the market for 1910 are worthy of examination as examples of pneumatic tyres which go far towards the high-water mark of perfection in this connection. They present features which mark a distinct advance in tyre-construction. The two leading models are made in leather and rubber, the latter being of the finest red-black rubber, with the hardened steel studs so secured to and in the tread that they cannot be shed. In the case of the leathery non-skids, the finest chrome leather is fortified by an extra strong casing of fabric, which greatly increases the life of the cover. The method of construction is such that the head cannot become detached from its cover. These two carefully considered tyres are certain to grow largely in favour during the coming season.

Party Distinctions for Cars.

Dunhill's, of 2, Conduit Street, and Euston Road, who, as the world knows, supply the motorist with everything but the car, are ever ready to seize an opportunity as it flies. Recognising that huge numbers of automobiles will be engaged in conveying voters to the poll all over the country during the next three weeks, this energetic firm have produced charming rosettes in the various party colours, fitted with attachments to fix them to the radiator-filler; also little party-coloured bannerets similarly provided. The rosettes and bannerets provide just enough, and not too much, party distinction, while they are not provocative, and should be largely used.

Pump Gauges Dangerous.

I note that in an interesting "Friday" that recondite person, Bibendum, who hails from 42-53, Sussex Place, South Kensington, holds forth most learnedly on the subject of tyre-inflators, and urges his numerous readers to be sure that any instrument of the kind they purchase is fitted with an accurate gauge. I do not often find myself at variance with this great authority on tyres and their accessories, but I would warn my readers at least not to put their faith in the pressure-gauges attached to pumps, even the best of them. They are a long way from the tyre, and, moreover, I never knew any of them preserve their accuracy for any length of time. Being incorrect, then, they are unreliable, and worse than useless. It is far better to obtain and keep handy on the car one of the dainty little Michelin tyre-pressure gauges, which can be applied to the tyre-valve and read in a second. The gauges on the pumps register the pressure in the pump-barrel, and not that which obtains within the inner tube.



L'AVIATRICE: MISS SPENCER KAVANAGH LEARNING TO FLY A BLÉRIOT MONOPLANE AT THE BLÉRIOT AVIATION SCHOOL AT PAU.

Miss Kavanagh, already well known as aeronaut and parachutist, has just begun a course of lessons at the Blériot school, with a view to becoming a pilot of the famous monoplanes.

Photograph by Jacques.

Flying in Ireland. Ireland is not to be omitted from the field of aviation. She now possesses an aviator and an aeroplane all her own. Mr. H. G. Ferguson, of the firm of Messrs J. B. Ferguson, Ltd., of Belfast, has constructed unto himself a monoplane somewhat on Blériot lines, with which, though practising on unsuitable ground in Lord Downshire's park at Hillsborough, he has already flown a distance of 130 yards in a gusty wind. This is, of course, a small beginning; but during his short flights, Mr. Ferguson had his machine under complete control, and hopes ultimately to be the first man to fly the Irish Channel. Truly no mean ambition.

Light Horses.

By carrying the war into the enemy's country, the Wolseley Tool and Motor Company have done much to advance this country in the field of aviation. M. Edouard Chateau, the head of the Flying School at Mourmelon, has put in some very fine flights on a Voisin aeroplane, fitted with a 50-60-h.p. Wolseley engine. Also a new man, of whom great things are expected, a Monsieur De Baeder, a pupil of the above-named expert, has performed well with this British-engined machine. The Wolseley motor has eight cylinders, set in lines of four at 90 deg., and, weighing but 3 cwt. 4 lb., gives 74-h.p. on the brake. This works out at the wonderful figure of 4½ lb. per horse-power. This may not be quite so feathery as some of the French freaks, but in the Wolseley engine nothing has been sacrificed to lightness. The engine is designed to run at full power for long periods, which is a *sine qua non* with any motor to which an aeroplanist must trust his life.



WINNER OF FOUR AVIATION PRIZES IN ONE DAY: M. DE BAEDER AND HIS VOISIN, WHICH IS FITTED WITH A WOLSELEY MOTOR.

The motor of the Voisin aeroplane with which M. De Baeder took four prizes at Mourmelon le Grand recently is a British-made eight-cylinder 50-60-h.p. Wolseley. He has named his biplane "Wolseley I."

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

Tempus Fugit. Time flies, and we shall in the near future be fumbling about to find fliers to represent us in the spring races. It is only nine weeks to the Lincoln Handicap day, but in the meantime the weights have to be compiled and the acceptances to be declared. Mr. R. Ord, who is responsible for the weights, is a capital judge of form, and he generally gives us a real puzzle. It will be interesting to see how he treats Christmas Daisy, who won the Cambridgeshire, and many are waiting to see what weight Sir Martin will receive. I am told The Tower is an improved horse, and that The Story is bound to win a big handicap this year. Again, Kalfir Chief, who won the race two years back, is said to be very fast and well. If Joyner sends Delirium he will run well, as he is very fast, at least up to six furlongs, and for all I know he may stay a mile. Mustapha, it will be remembered, ran second in the Cambridgeshire, and for that reason, if for no other, must be a good horse. But Lord Carnarvon has Valens entered as well, and the better of the pair, if fit, should put up a good race with the best of them. Quality is well to the fore in the entry for the City and Suburban. For this race, I am told, Dean Swift is to be specially prepared, and Mr. J. B. Joel's old favourite is, I learn, as lively as a kitten and as fleet of foot as ever. The King could be represented by Minoru, who will, I am afraid, as a Derby winner, get plenty of weight. Duke Michael will be noticed by speculators, and Arranmore, if fit, is very likely to shine on this course. I do hope Llangwm will be able to run for the Jubilee Stakes, as before he broke down he was one of the best of his year. The Nut is entered for the Kempton race. He is a real good horse.

Ascot Prospects. This year, the Ascot meeting will commence on June 14, and it is hoped that the sport will be the best seen on the Royal Heath for many years. The Gold Cup has attracted sixty entries, and, as the race is run over two and a half miles, it proves that there are plenty of good stayers in the country, while French owners have liberally patronised the race. Of our lot, Bayardo and Amadis read as a likely pair to provide the winner. His Majesty's Derby winner, Minoru, is entered, and it would be a great day if he were successful. Bomba, who so unexpectedly won the race last year, can try again; and of the outsiders, Dibs, who ran second for the Cesarewitch, may attract the attention of the little punter. Verdun, who won the Grand Prix de Paris, is, I should say, very likely to be

the pick of the French lot. This horse, in appearance, is like a steeplechaser. He is, however, very fast and stays for ever. Holiday House, who was resting last year, is evidently all right again, as he has been entered by Lord Londonderry. He was very smart as a two-year-old. I did not expect to see the name of Symon's Pride among the entries, while the real surprise-card of the pack is General Botha. This is the horse that won a two-year-old race at Kempton last season, when an enterprising bookmaker laid 200 to 1 against his chance. There are certain to be big entries for the Ascot Stakes and Royal Hunt Cup; while the Alexandra Plate has closed with forty-three nominations. This race, run over 2 miles 6 furlongs and 85 yards, is affected a great deal by the result of the Gold Cup, and it is impossible to guess at the probable size of the field at this time of day. It is a race that is always worth watching, and it may be said to be one of the few items that give to watchers plenty for their money.

Looking Up. After the General Election is over racing will wake up, and fields will be larger than they have been for some time. I know of one case where twenty horses have been kept for a month because their owners training in the stable have been busily engaged in trying to get back to Parliament. Further, many owners will not run their best steeplechasers until after the weights

for the Grand National have appeared. This I take to be a big mistake, as a little practice in public would do the majority of the jumpers a deal of good, and it is difficult to find out the real merit of a first-class 'chaser on the trial ground. As every day will be

taken up with jumping fixtures from now up till the beginning of the flat-race season, jockeys ought to be able to earn a summer's keep, and the bookmakers will do better when the prizes are large, as they will be in a week or two. The institution of four-year-old hurdle-races and steeplechases is a capital idea, as these fill up the gaps made by the ending of the maiden races. And here I would suggest that no horse after having won two maiden hurdle-races should be qualified for these races. If this rule were passed maiden hurdle-races would be much more valuable to the public and to the fund. It is, of course, very

rare for owners of the Briery type to be able to run up a big sequence of wins, but it deprives the racing public of the chance of backing a long-priced winner.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



THE DISCOVERER OF THE OTOCYON VERGATUS: MR. ROOSEVELT. Mr. Roosevelt (or should we say, the Smithsonian African Scientific Expedition?) has discovered in British East Africa a new animal, a hitherto unknown species of otocyon, which has been named Otocyon Vergatus. This is a small, carnivorous mammal resembling a fox.



THE COMPOSER OF "SALOME" AND "ELECTRA" AT PLAY: HERR RICHARD STRAUSS SLEDGING AT SCHIERKE.

Photograph by G. Haackel.

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

"Conversable Females."

in Derbyshire is "the most conversible female that I have seen since I left home." The adjective is delicious, but significant, for women who could talk charmingly and brilliantly were not often found in remote country-seats in the eighteenth century, the art of conversation being chiefly cultivated in blue-stocking sets in London. Mrs. Thrale, to be sure, was an excellent judge, for she was probably one of the most brilliant and witty talkers (to judge from her letters and diaries) which this somewhat stolid island has ever produced. The "conversable" female is, however, happily a good deal in evidence to-day, for the eloquence and vivacity which our mothers poured into letters which they "crossed" are to-day reserved for the dinner-table and the smoking-room. As long as it was considered highly indecorous for a woman to talk at a dinner-party (and probably Lady Holland was the only exception to the inarticulate feminine battalions) how could anyone expect the level of women's conversation to be a high one? Now, often enough, except in suburban circles, the amusing and informing talk emanates from the spindle side, much to the astonishment of elderly gentlemen from remote shires who find themselves in the world where one amuses oneself. There is no doubt that the "conversable female" has come to stay, and that the much-needed enlivening of those English dinner-parties—so dreaded by General Gordon—will be the result of the encouragement of the species.

I wonder how many millions of people are actually being hypnotised by the lights of London? For the maimed messenger-boy who, cosseted in an aristocratic mansion, sighed, the other day, for "London, where the lights are," simply voiced the unconscious desire of an entire generation. Women especially, I fancy, are hypnotised by this countless multitude of shining lights. It is they who love the glitter and brilliance of theatres, of modish restaurants, of ball-rooms; who, with unreasoning optimism, count themselves happy if they make one of a garishly lighted crowd. There is a physical as well as psychical reason for this phenomenon, for the veriest tyro in hypnotism can tell you that a shining object is indispensable in bringing off the real hypnotic state. In Professor Hugo Münsterberg's book, "Psychology and Crime," the Harvard scientist tells us that the sudden vision of a shining object may change, with extraordinary suddenness, a man's whole personality and mental state. So, surely enough, do the myriads of arc

lamps, electric lights, and incandescent-gas globes of this bewildering city act, especially on those born in the quiet and darkness of the country-side. We Londoners are like moths fluttering round a gigantic candle, which hypnotises us as completely as the foolish butterflies of a summer night.

The Charm of Clouds and Smoke. Yet the real charm of London does not lie in its lights, but rather in its shadows and mysterious veils, its smoke and fog, its clouds and slanting rain. A sunset seen through Thames mists is sometimes a spectacle of extraordinary beauty, tinged with awe. London, with her eternal mists, is as alluring as a beautiful woman wrapped in gauze veils and scarfs; and the wonder is that every artist does not set up his easel on her bridges and embankments, or try to convey the secret spell of her parks and gardens. There are some pictures of London now at the Baillie Gallery, by the late Paul Maitland, which differentiate in the subtlest fashion the singular charm of certain corners of the town. You look at some elms, a railing, and a stretch of green grass, and you know at once if it is your special nook in Regent's Park or a corner of the Gardens which Mr. Barrie has immortalised. And most pleasing of all are the bits of Chelsea seen at sunset time, extravagantly opal and rose, like a northern Venice, and the studies of adorable, grubby little shops where newspapers and sweetmeats are the only wares, and which lurk humbly in that quarter, in dim corners, near the palaces of the great and rich.

Photographing the Emotions. If the new science of psychology is to be pushed still farther, we shall soon be able to photograph the emotions as readily as we now register their intensity and their duration. The very idea gives one furiously to think, for up to a year or two ago the human biped prided himself on the fact that the faculty of speech was given to him to enable him to conceal his thoughts. But the American and German psychologists have changed all that, and by an odious system of questions and answers they can tell, before you know where you are, what particular crime you have committed. This new and disquieting form of inquisition is called the method of association. Again, do

you but rest your finger-tip on one of their innocent-looking but diabolical rubber tubes, and your very inmost soul, your feelings of terror, remorse, or joy will register themselves automatically for all men learned in this new black art to see and make note of. From this uncanny achievement in the realms of science it is but a step to photographing the emotions, and Heaven help us when the inmost recesses of the mind can be plumbed and charted like a reef-covered sea.



A DANCE FROCK OF WHITE CHIFFON TRIMMED WITH PALE-PINK ROSE-BUDS.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Historic Fancy-Dresses.

The fancy-dresses in which Queen Victoria and Prince Albert appeared at the fancy-dress ball which they gave at Buckingham Palace will go down to posterity because of their perpetuation in marble in a group at Windsor Castle. One could wish that the present King and Queen had been represented in marble in the dresses they wore at Louise Duchess of Devonshire's historic ball in Diamond Jubilee year at Devonshire House. The Queen made a wonderful picture of Marguerite of Valois. The dress of white satin was embroidered all over in a most elaborate design of gold, silver, and coloured stones. In front of the skirt, forming a petticoat, the design took the form of miniature crowns in gold studded with coloured stones. The bodice was finished with a large collar of guipure-de-Venise studded with diamonds. The sleeves were also ornamented with diamonds, and a crown of diamonds was worn, as well as other superb jewels. The King was dressed as a Knight of Malta of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and his Majesty looked a true representative of chivalry as he handed the Queen up the centre of the ballroom to the dais arranged for the royal group. The Queen's three daughters were her *dames d'honneur*—the Princess Royal, in white embroidered with pearls and gold; Princess Victoria, in yellow wrought with silver and pearls; and Queen Maud of Norway, in rose-pink embroidered with silver and diamonds. The Princess of Wales, who was also in the Queen's suite, wore turquoise-blue embroidered with pearls and silver. Louise Duchess of Devonshire—I am giving all the titles as they are now—was Queen of Sheba, in a wonderful dress, the bodice of white crêpe-de-Chine over white satin embroidered with silver lotus-flowers, the skirt of gold gauze embroidered with green velvet and many-coloured stones, representing peacocks' feathers. A Court mantle of emerald-green velvet embroidered with coloured stones was worn. The head-dress was of green gauze, forming wings; these were studded with diamonds, and many diamond ornaments were worn. The Cleopatra of the Marchioness of Ripon and the Marie Antoinette of the Countess of Warwick, worn earlier at her own remarkable Louis XIV. and XV. ball at Warwick Castle, are still talked of as artistic triumphs. Who, I wonder, will give the historic costume ball of this reign?

Who will be Hostess?

Monday evening, Feb. 14, will be a busy social one. There will be parties for the adherents of both sides in both our Houses. I imagine that the hostess for the Unionists will be the Marchioness of Lansdowne, and the venue Lansdowne House. Last year the Marchioness of Londonderry was hostess at Londonderry House, and Lady Lansdowne held the King's Birthday Reception on June 25. The party on the eve of the opening of Parliament was held, for the Government, at the Admiralty, when the Prime Minister received with Mrs. McKenna. Mrs. Asquith was at the time in Switzerland. Just now we cannot tell which will be Government and which Opposition. The Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdowne have gone to Derreen, their lovely and much-loved home in Kerry, to snatch a brief rest; the Marchioness of Londonderry is canvassing for her son in Maidstone; and Mrs. Asquith is once more going to Switzerland, for winter sports.

Ay, There's the Rub.

A really good cold-cream is a thing when found to make a note of. That made on scientific principles by Messrs. Daggett and called "Perfect." As a skin-food it is invaluable, and when used for chapped hands and face it soothes and smooths in a way little short of marvellous. Like many another good thing, it is American, but the English depot is in charge of Messrs. Muller and MacLean, Exports Representatives, E.C.

I fancy any chemist who has it not will get it. A little of it gently rubbed on the skin at night stays the hand of Time when he is out on his undesirable marking business.

A Children's Competition.

There are no such enthusiastic amateur artists as children. The proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap have made the little people their debtors for a wonderful prize painting-book, with pictures printed in colours, and having outline pictures to correspond, which are to be coloured by the children. A very large number of prizes will be given in two classes—children up to ten years old and children from ten to fourteen—for the best two complete pictures.

The painting-book will be sent free, two penny stamps to be sent for postage, on application to 48, Southwark Street, S.E.

Room for My Lady's Hats.

Bigger than ever. That is the uncompromising verdict of the Paris milliners. Where are they to go? There is not space for two side by side in a Limousine-bodied motor-car, let alone a taxi. The brougham is simply impossible as a conveyance for an up-to-date hat. If it can be dodged through the door, there is no room for it inside. An increase in size is no menace to the *matinée-goer*, because all women remove their hats at the request of the management. The rule is enforced firmly and most politely. Where, however, is the owner to put it? She may have to catch a train, and cannot risk delay in the cloak-room. There is no room under her seat, or anywhere else, for the precious mass of millinery. Theatre-managers will have to provide big hanging-racks, with the numbers of the seats duplicated on them, for women to hang their hats on. It will be well to measure a very large specimen before spacing out the hooks!

A Dress to Dance In.

Happily, fashion continues to permit us to use *some* common-sense. Walking-dresses and dancing-dresses continue short. A delightful dance-frock for a girl is shown on "Woman's Ways" page. It is of white chiffon, and is trimmed with pale-pink rosebuds arranged in long and graceful lines.

Someone has been bemoaning that the working man does not peruse the books of the Peerage. If "Burke" were more generally read, it is maintained, the masses would have a better opinion, as well as a better knowledge, of the classes. Perhaps so, for "Burke" is discreetly reticent about family history of the past when it was not altogether creditable. The Peerage is necessarily incomplete, too, as to the proud antiquity of certain families. There is nothing to equal the genealogical tree of a French family, in which is represented an ark. Near by is a little man, holding a bundle of parchments, and from his mouth comes a streamer with the words: "Monsieur Noa, Monsieur Noa, save the family papers!" But Noa didn't. That particular family-tree was uprooted by the Flood.

Is it a sign of the times that on none of Captain Forbes's election posters in East Marylebone is there any suggestion of the gallant officer's being a brother of Lord Granard? Even Portman Square keeps his secret; wherever his name appears in a window, it reads "Forbes" or "Capt. Forbes," never Captain the Hon. Donald Forbes. The extent of the political prejudice aroused against the Peers is well illustrated by this Liberal candidate's modest concealment of the fact that he is himself, at the moment, the heir-presumptive of a coronet.

Another example of the spirited policy adopted by the London and North-Western Railway Company is contained in the fact that, commencing Feb. 1,

they will run two new express trains between Broad Street City Station, London, and Birmingham (New Street), in addition to the existing express service to and from Euston. This will afford business men from Birmingham the opportunity of getting a whole day in the City, without the necessity of changing trains or of coming so far west as Euston.

We very much regret that, owing to a photographer's mistake, a portrait was inserted in *The Sketch* for Jan. 5 purporting to be that of Mrs. Herbert Samuel, wife of the Right Hon. Herbert Samuel, but which in reality was a photograph of someone else.



ONE OF THE SWEET USES OF ADVERTISEMENT: AN ODOL FANCY-DRESS COSTUME.

For fancy-dress balls, which promise to be very popular in the coming season, the proprietors of Odol, the well-known dentifrice, suggest a pretty costume, such as the above, in taffeta of a dead white, resembling their opaque flasks. Decorative articles for the dress—miniature flasks, cardboard bottles, labels, pictorial stamps, etc.—will be sent in return for a postal order of 1s. (to cover packing and postage) addressed to the Manager, Odol Chemical Works, 59-63, Park Street, London, S.E.



MR. AND MRS. H. A. BARKER SKATING AT BEATENBERG.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 25.

FINANCE AND THE ELECTIONS.

WE have endeavoured to keep these notes free from politics, and have, we hope, succeeded; but to write on Stock Exchange matters before any idea of the outcome of the General Election can be formed, and at the same time to feel that by the time these notes are in the hands of our readers at least the probable outcome of the struggle will be apparent, makes our position more difficult than usual. Apart altogether from the merits of the Tariff Reform controversy, which for a few years will probably be settled during the coming week, there can be no doubt that the price of many shares, especially among our Home Industrials, depends very much on the outcome. If the Tariff Reformers win, the shares in the whole list of English Motor Companies will probably appreciate, to say nothing of the adverse effect upon all sorts of Brewery and Distillery shares which the triumph of the present office-holders must bring about. At the moment of writing, it is in many markets a question of "Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, and back your fancy for the General Election." We have a fancy that the results will not be as decisive as either party expect—or shall we say hope for? For ourselves, whoever wins, our little all is, and will be kept, in bonds to bearer, and Mr. Lloyd-George will have some trouble to get them!

THE BROKER'S DILEMMA.

What to advise his clients to buy is always more or less of a problem to the stockbroker, but he finds the difficulty enhanced just now owing to the peculiar conditions ruling. He fears to suggest West African or Rubber, Rhodesian or Kaffir shares because prices are certainly high. He hesitates about Americans lest the labour trouble brewing in the States should come to an open rupture. He does not feel quite confident enough in regard to the Home Railway Market for him to wax bullish on its prospects, and the limited circle to whom gilt-edged investments appeal is not what might be called a greedy buyer for the moment. So what is the poor man to do? We leave it for him to reply.

HOME RAILS V. AMERICANS.

This week there come the first Home Railway dividend announcements in respect of the second half of 1909. Take those figures as they are declared, and work out the yields on an investment at the present prices. After that—if you are not too tired—compare these yields with those obtainable on Yankee Rails of similar character. If the result does not surprise you a little it will be because you have a profoundly phlegmatic temperament. In advance, let us say that the Home Railway list now offers a return but slightly less than the American, the comparison, of course, being drawn simply from the dividend-paying stocks. The Pennsylvania, Illinois Central, and New York Central are the North Western, Great Western and Midland of this country, but their shares pay $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. less than can be obtained on the English stocks. Against Atchison and Baltimore match Brighton Deferred and North-Eastern Consols; unless the dividend estimates on the last two should turn out to be badly wrong, the yields on these securities will be little under those derivable from the Yankee shares. So the comparison might be extended, and interestingly, while the attraction of the game is increased by the fact that the figures can afterwards be used with excellent effect to prove, according to your opinions, that this country will be ruined either by Free Trade or Protection.

THE WEST AFRICAN BOOM.

There is no lack of bullishness in the West African Market, and the rapid progress of the boom seems to arouse no fear as to a possible check. Gold Coast Amalgamated are called the Rand Mines of the Jungle, and so, of course, they may turn out to be; but it imposes rather a strain upon one's faith to suggest that, because Rand Mines went to 45 in the Kaffir boom, Gold Coast Amalgamated or the new West African Mines must of necessity have a forty pounds rise in front of them. The great feature of encouragement about West Africans is that a lot of hard cash is being put into the industry by people who, above all others, must be well informed. Even at the current prices insiders are buying, and buying heavily, from which it may be inferred that no particular fall is looked for yet awhile. Moreover, the people who are the biggest buyers in this market are also those who mostly pay for their shares. We cannot see the attraction of West Africans from the dividend point of view, and after so giddy a gamble reaction would appear to be inevitable; but, on the other hand, the market does seem to have a strong undercurrent, and on flat days it may well be right to buy.

TEA-CUM-RUBBER COMPANIES.

Addendum to last week's note.—The crop figures of the Eastern Produce Company were published at the end of last week, too late for insertion in my note on that Company. The yield of tea in 1909 was 4,807,000 lb. against 4,622,789 lb.

in 1908, and of rubber 79,000 lb. as compared with the estimate of 66,000 lb. In view of these figures the yield for 1910 is likely to be 120,000 lb., and the dividend estimates for both years should be proportionately increased. The Ordinary shares, now standing at $\pounds 10\frac{1}{2}$, should gradually rise to $\pounds 15$.

IV.—THE SCOTTISH TEA AND RUBBER TRUST COMPANY.

This Company was floated last autumn with an issued capital of $\pounds 100,000$ in $\pounds 1$ shares, to take over *en bloc* the holdings in various Tea and Rubber Companies belonging to Mr. L. F. W. Davidson, of Ceylon, who is retiring from business. Instead of realising his shares in the market, Mr. Davidson preferred to sell to a Company at 10 per cent. below the market price of the day. In a case of this kind the future success of the Company naturally depends on the price paid for its holdings and on the skill and trustworthiness of the Directors. As regards the latter point, it may be sufficient to say that the Board includes Mr. George Gray Anderson, chairman of the Consolidated Malay Company, etc., and Mr. Joseph Fraser, one of the best known of Ceylon proprietors. As to the former point, a full list of the holdings acquired, twenty-five in all, was given in the Prospectus. The total market value on Oct. 2, 1909, the day of transfer, was $\pounds 147,571$, and deducting $\pounds 14,757$, the 10 per cent. reduction, the actual price payable by the Company was $\pounds 132,814$. In addition, $\pounds 686$ was paid for certain options, and the total sum due to the vendor was $\pounds 133,500$, payable as to $\pounds 50,000$ in 5 per cent. Debentures, and as to $\pounds 83,500$ in cash, which was provided, with a considerable surplus available for investment by the issue of 100,000 shares. As regards the present value of the holdings acquired, I believe I should be correct in stating that in every single case there has been a material increase in value since last October. I have not space here to give the full list, but any of your readers who take the trouble to obtain a copy of the prospectus can compare the prices paid with those now ruling. I append a schedule of the principal holdings acquired, together with the price ruling on Oct. 2, at which the shares were taken over (the same price reduced by 10 per cent. being the actual cost to the Company), and for comparison the market price to-day.

No. of Shares.	Name.	Price, Oct. 2, 1909.	Actual Price to the Company.	Present Price.
23,500, fully paid ...	Seafeld Rubber Co.	$\pounds 3\frac{1}{2}$	$\pounds 2\ 18\ 6$	$4\frac{1}{2}$
1,590, " ...	Batu Caves Rubber Co. ...	$\pounds 6$	$\pounds 5\ 8\ 0$	$7\frac{1}{2}$
1,000, " ...	Tremelbye Rubber Co.	$\pounds 2\frac{1}{2}$	$\pounds 1\ 18\ 3$	$3\frac{1}{2}$
450, 20s. paid ...	"	$\pounds 1$	$\pounds 0\ 18\ 0$	$1\frac{1}{2}$
5,250, " ...	Pelmadulla Rubber Co.	$\pounds 3$	$\pounds 2\ 14\ 0$	3 7-16 ex. rts.
6,000, new issue ...	"	$\pounds 2\ 18s.$	$\pounds 2\ 12\ 0$	$3\frac{1}{2}$
2,500, fully paid ...	Mahawale Rubber and Tea ..	$\pounds 2\frac{1}{2}$	$\pounds 1\ 18\ 3$	3
500, " ...	Consolidated Estates Co.	$\pounds 3\frac{1}{2}$	$\pounds 3\ 7\ 6$	4 11-16
124, " ...	Nuwara Eliya Tea	$\pounds 15$	$\pounds 10\ 7\ 0$	$12\frac{1}{2}$
288, " ...	New Dimbula Tea	$\pounds 3\frac{1}{2}$	$\pounds 3\ 3\ 0$	$3\frac{1}{2}$

It will be seen that there has been a great appreciation in value already, although the Company is not yet six months old, the profit on the Company's holding in Seafeld alone amounting to $\pounds 40,000$, or 40 per cent. on the issued capital. The shares, now at a small premium, should prove a very satisfactory investment. Q.

P.S.—Of Rubber shares among the large dividend-payers, *Bukit-Rajah* are as cheap as any. At its present rate of yield (December, 32,373 lb.), and at current market price of rubber, the Company is earning $\pounds 9000$ a month profit, equal to 150 per cent. per annum. I have little doubt that if the shares had been split into the popular 2s. denomination, these shares would have been standing at 25s. to-day. Among the lower-priced shares *Langkat Sumatra* are worth attention. The Company has about 1800 acres planted, the larger part of which will come into bearing in the next year or two. At $\pounds 2$ premium the market valuation would be only $\pounds 100$ per acre, and I shall not be surprised to see these shares at $\pounds 5$.

Saturday, Jan. 15, 1910.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

W. B. M.—Your letter was answered on the 12th inst., and the paper sent you on the 13th.

HUB.—We wrote you as promised.

PLANTY PAL.—If you lend money on shares you have not only your security, but the credit of the man who borrows to fall back on. If, therefore, the shares drop you can realise them and make the borrower pay the difference.

BARTON.—The Tin Company has been in a poor zone, and the price of tin is not what it was three years ago. The last information is somewhat encouraging. Any opinion on the Indian mine would be a mere guess. Holding Humbers is like gambling on the success of the Tariff Reform Party. If they win, the shares will go higher.

PRUDENT.—If "as safe as Consols" is what you want, you could get better interest out of Indian Stock or many municipal loans; but if you are satisfied with "safe for all practical purposes," you could get $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. by purchasing Buenos Ayres and Pacific 5 per cent. First Preference Stock or Cuba Gold Bonds or San Paulo Railway-Preference stock.

H. A. CHARR.—We are rather of your broker's opinion.

DEVA.—Both concerns are, we consider, good for investment, with a prospect of appreciation.

SPERO.—We can tell you no more than appeared in our issues of Dec. 29 and Jan. 5. The prices appear about correct on Jan. 12.

DUKE.—(1) Two directors have just returned from a visit to the property, and a circular is about to be issued giving the result. (2) We will not prophesy as to dividend, but the Company is managed by the best people.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

These should run well at Newbury: Royston Steeplechase, Tilston; Sefton Steeplechase, Off Side; Weyhill Hurdle, Tibet Chief; United Hunts Cup, Futen; Lambourne Hurdle, Wepener; Berkshire Hurdle, Oilskin; Winchester Steeplechase, Sachem. At Lingfield these may go close: New Year Steeplechase, Varsity; Stayers' Hurdle, Currants; Holly Steeplechase, Round Dance; Weald Steeplechase, Sachem; Eden Vale Hurdle, Misere; Sussex Hurdle, Keld. At Nottingham, Autocar may win the Mansfield Steeplechase, Dandaloo the Harrington Hurdle, and Veglo the Nottingham Steeplechase.

EXCELSIOR!

(See Illustration on another Page.)

UPWARD, ever upward, would appear to be the watchword of the daring aviators who seek to rival the condor and the albatross. Hardly has the world ceased to gasp at the dizzy altitude gained by one expert than along comes the news that another has climbed still nearer the eternal blue. In view of M. Paulhan's staggering performance at Los Angeles last week, it might be interesting to trace the rapid stages by which the altitude record has been raised in the short space of two years. Beginning on Sept. 21, 1908, with the great pioneer, Wilbur Wright, we find him credited with a height of 25 feet—of course on a Wright biplane; then, rather more than a month later, on Oct. 31, Henry Farman rose with his Voisin at Chalons to 82 feet; and later again in the same year Wilbur Wright topped this at Le Mans with 120 feet. This remained record for 1908, but on June 18, 1909, Paulhan gave the world the first taste of his marvellous soaring capabilities. On a Voisin he reached 450 feet, and at Rheims, on Aug. 24, improved this by over 50 feet.

Henry Farman on a Farman was next to the fore, and also achieved 500 feet, which was officially recognised on Aug. 29. Latham on the same day took his Antoinette up to 645 feet. When Orville Wright, on Oct. 2, at Berlin, touched 1000 feet. This performance, like those of Paulhan at Rheims, though doubtless genuine enough and chronicled at the time, was unofficial. Rougier, also at Berlin, on Oct. 6, on a Voisin, rose to 900 feet, also unofficial. On Oct. 18 came the startling news that the Comte de Lambert had been seen encircling the Eiffel Tower at the giddy lift of 1200 feet. Rougier soared to 885 feet a day or two later at Antwerp on a Voisin. At Brooklands half Surrey, on Oct. 30, saw Paulhan on a Farman circling overhead at an altitude of 720 feet, and at Sandown on Nov. 6, Paulhan, again on a Farman, went up to 977 feet.

Hubert Latham followed on Dec. 1 at Mourmelon with an upward rush of 1180 feet on his Antoinette, but on Jan. 17 of this year this record was put altogether out of sight by his subsequent performance, again at Mourmelon, when he rose to the astonishing altitude of 3440 feet. One would have thought that by this extraordinary feat human ambition would cry "enough," but it is clear that the end is not yet, for on Wednesday of last week the flight of Paulhan at Los Angeles, where he was officially credited with 4146 feet

by U.S.A. military observation, and 4600 feet by barometer carried on the machine, was cabled across the Atlantic. Dazed at the contemplation of such daring, one wonders what the height record for aeroplanes will ultimately become.

Every Englishman, it is said, loves his garden, and a good opportunity for picking up some bargains in the way of garden-buildings, tools, and other requisites offers itself at the clearance sale of Messrs. William Cooper, Ltd., of 761, Old Kent Road, London, S.E. Their illustrated catalogue shows a very large variety of greenhouses and conservatories with their fittings, cucumber and plant frames, tool-houses, poultry-houses and appliances, tents, aviaries, rabbit-hutches, kennels, bins and troughs, summer-houses, garden-seats, and all kinds of portable buildings, whether for sporting or business purposes. Those of the larger kind include iron churches, halls, bungalows, and pavilions. There are also various sorts of stoves and heating apparatus, garden-rollers and mowing-machines, swings, wheelbarrows, water-butts, watering apparatus, gates, and wire-fencing. The sale price is given in each case.

Messrs. Mappin and Webb, the famous Sheffield firm, who are equally famous in London, are this year celebrating their centenary. In honour of the event, all the women employees at the Royal Works in Norfolk Street, Sheffield, were entertained to a tea, concert, and dance at the Temperance Hall. The guests numbered about three hundred, among them being the Bishop of Sheffield, Dr. Quirk, who made a speech, in which he said it was firms like that of Mappin and Webb which had made Sheffield. The earliest record of the Mappin ancestry in Sheffield trade annals dates back to 1797, when Jonathan Mappin, engraver, carried on business in Fargate. In 1810 the firm of Joseph Mappin and Son was founded. In 1852, under the name of Mappin Brothers, the business was transferred to the Queen's Cutlery Works at Baker's Hill, Sheffield. Towards the close of the 'sixties John Newton Mappin set up another plate and cutlery business as Mappin and Co., which was changed to Mappin and Webb on the admission of Mr. George Webb as a partner in 1898. Rivalry between the two houses continued until, in 1903, the original firm of Mappin Brothers was absorbed by its more vigorous competitor, under the name of Mappin and Webb, Ltd. The combined business made such strides that it was converted into a public company, and in 1907 the fine premises in Oxford Street were built at a cost of £60,000. The company has its own branches at Nice, Paris, Biarritz, Johannesburg, and Buenos Ayres; also many agencies, including those at Manchester, Cairo, Alexandria, and Shanghai.

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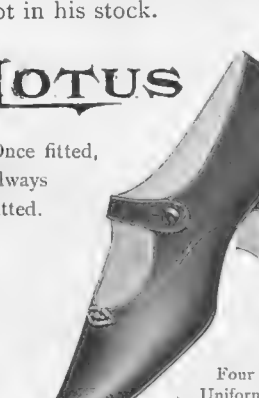
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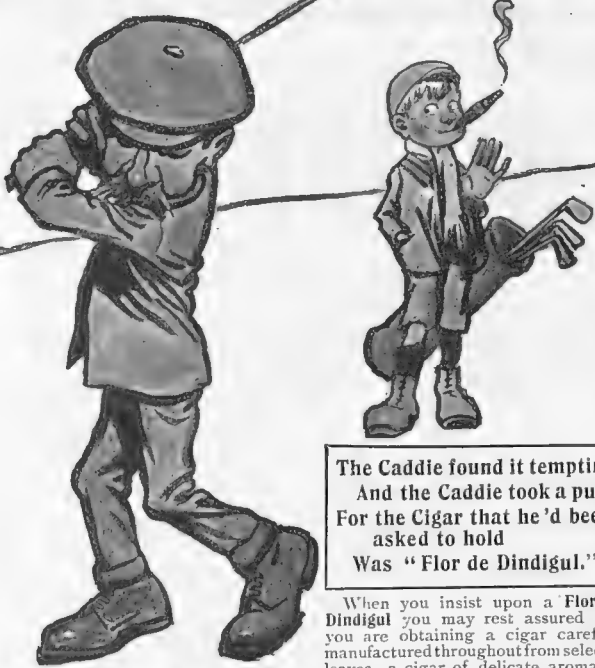


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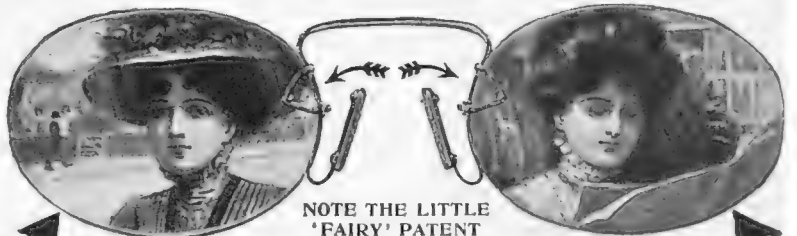
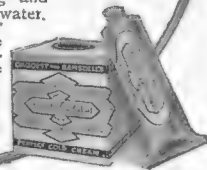
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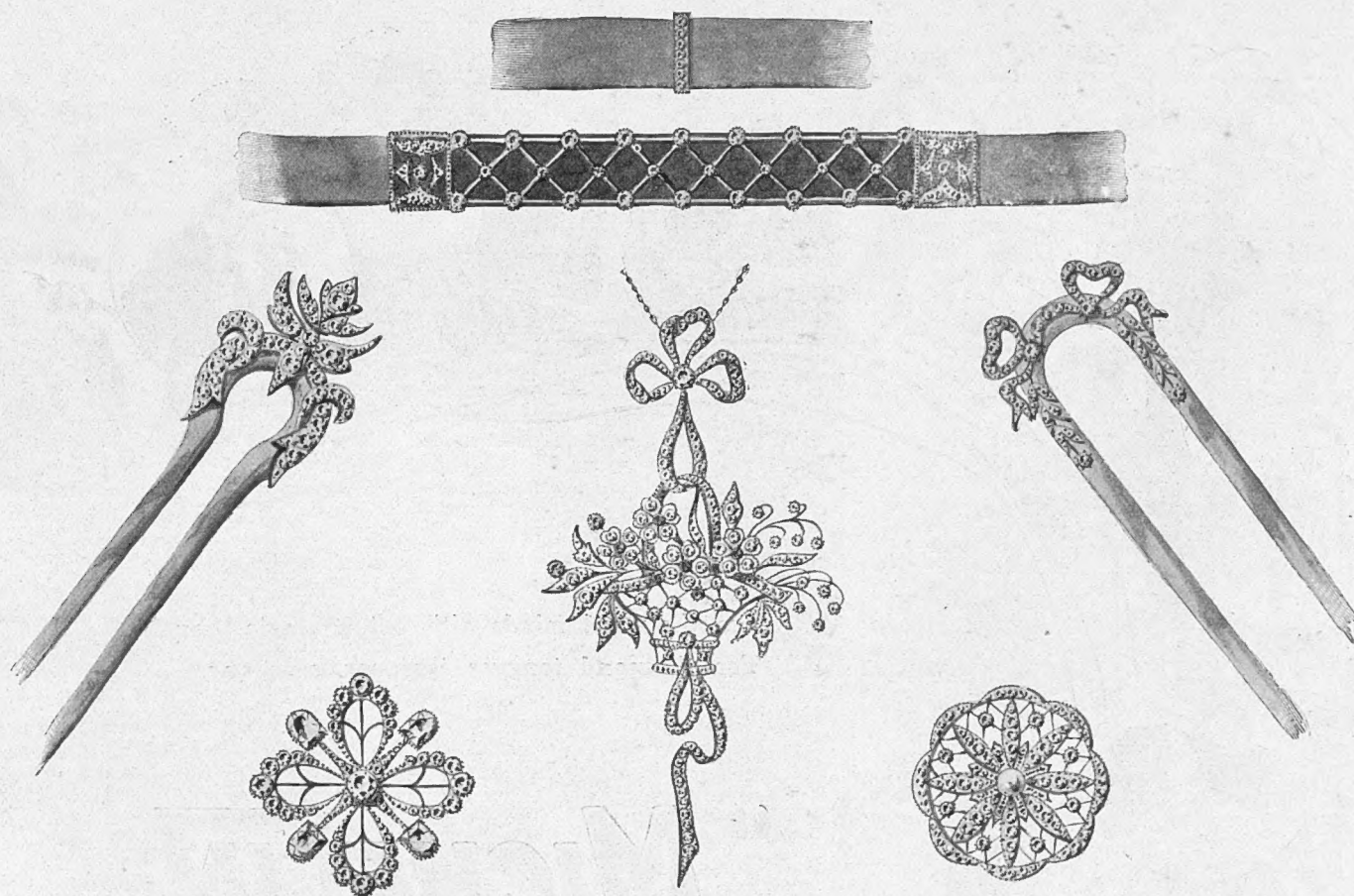
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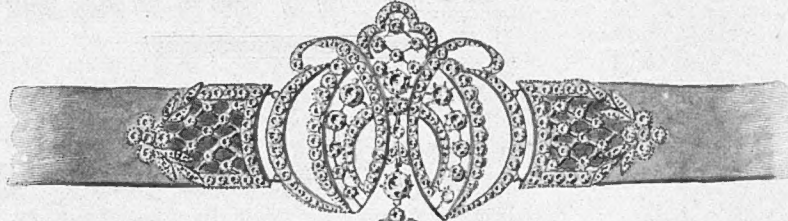
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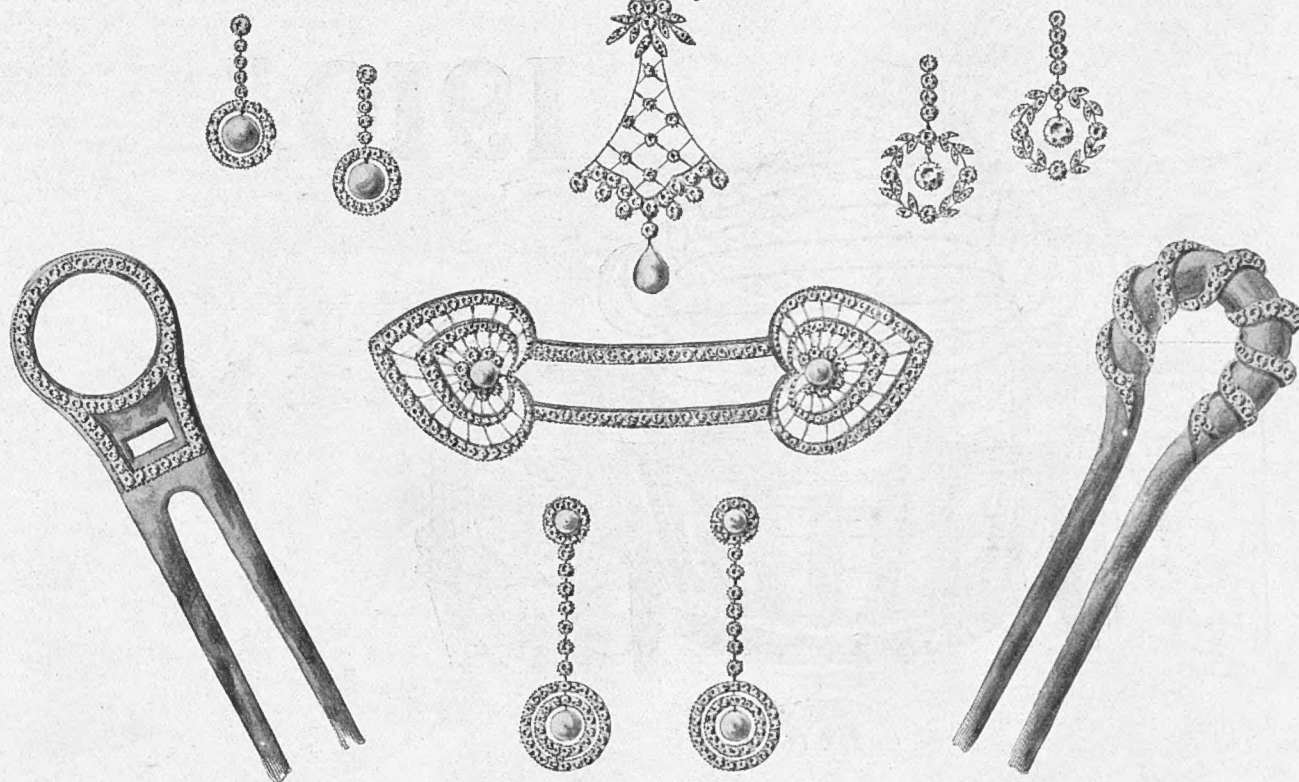
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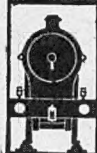
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BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

AMONG books of reference relating to the professions, "The Medical Directory" (published by Messrs. J. and A. Churchill, of 7, Great Marlborough Street, W.) occupies an important place. It is exhaustive in its information, and admirably arranged. The directory itself, which forms the bulk of the volume, comprises lists of medical men in London, the provinces, Wales and Monmouth, Scotland, Ireland, British practitioners abroad, Navy and Army doctors, and dental surgeons. In addition to these lists, the book contains an article on the laws affecting the medical profession, various official tables, lists of British and Continental health-resorts, medical periodicals, hospitals and asylums, and an obituary for the previous year. "The Medical Directory," which contains over two thousand pages, costs only 14s., and is a *sine qua non* not only to doctors and dentists, but to all who have dealings with the profession on any large scale.

Messrs. Routledge's new "Every Man's Cyclopædia," published at 3s. 6d. net, is a handy book of reference of a general character for busy people who want information in a hurry and at a glance. It contains a Dictionary of Universal Biography, Historical Allusions, Battles and Sieges, a Gazetteer of the World, General Information, and Dictionaries of Law, Words Frequently Misspelt, Synonyms, Abbreviations, and Pseudonyms. As a whole, the book is admirably done, especially the biographical, historical, and legal information, and it is well printed in clear type on good paper. The Gazetteer (77 pages) and the General Information (48 pages only) are perhaps too compressed. Works of that kind must generally be exhaustive to be of practical use. The list of words frequently misspelt is perhaps somewhat superfluous for educated

persons, such as readers of *The Sketch*! It would seem hardly necessary, either, to print all sorts of weird hypothetical errors besides the customary spellings.

Charitable folk confronted with cases of distress, and wishing to do something more efficacious than merely handing out a dole of money, are frequently at a loss to know what is the best way in which to administer aid. Immensely useful to the perplexed philanthropist in such cases is Mr. Herbert Fry's "Royal Guide to the London Charities" (Chatto and Windus, 111, St. Martin's Lane. Price 1s. 6d.). It contains an alphabetical list of, roughly, some three thousand charities, hospitals, and institutions in and around the Metropolis.

For all Roman Catholics in this country, "The Catholic Directory" (published by Messrs. Burns and Oates, 28, Orchard Street, W., at 1s. 6d. net) would seem to be an indispensable necessity. It contains (*inter alia*) full particulars of the Catholic Hierarchy, the calendar, the dioceses, and clergy in Great Britain, convents and other schools, and a folded map of England, Wales, and the Isle of Man, showing the Catholic dioceses and missions. The issue for 1910 has a memorial portrait of the late Bishop Johnson, who edited "The Catholic Directory" for forty-two years.

We have received a copy of "Willing's Press Guide" for 1910, the thirty-seventh annual issue of this well-known and handy little volume, which is published by Messrs. Willing, 125, Strand, and which is well worth the "modest bob" they ask for it. The principal contents of the book are an alphabetical list of newspapers and periodicals issued in the United Kingdom, a classified list of the same under subjects and interests, lists of Metropolitan newspapers (alphabetical and classified), suburban and provincial papers, colonial and foreign papers. The guide is admirably arranged and very convenient for reference.

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